



The Grail

AUGUST, 1930

Wherefore We Pray Thee

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

Bit of Heaven in Irish Free State

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

Bigger than Luck

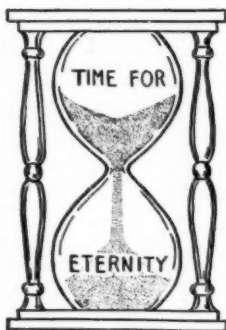
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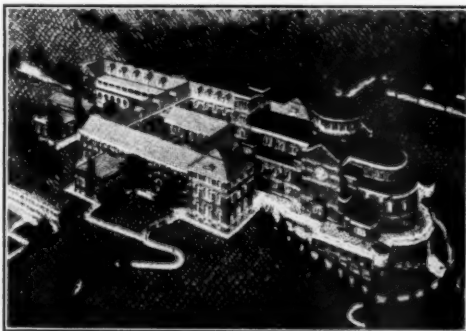
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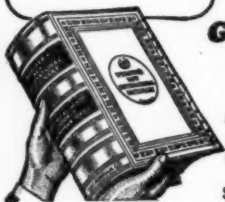
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The Grail

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NUMBER 4

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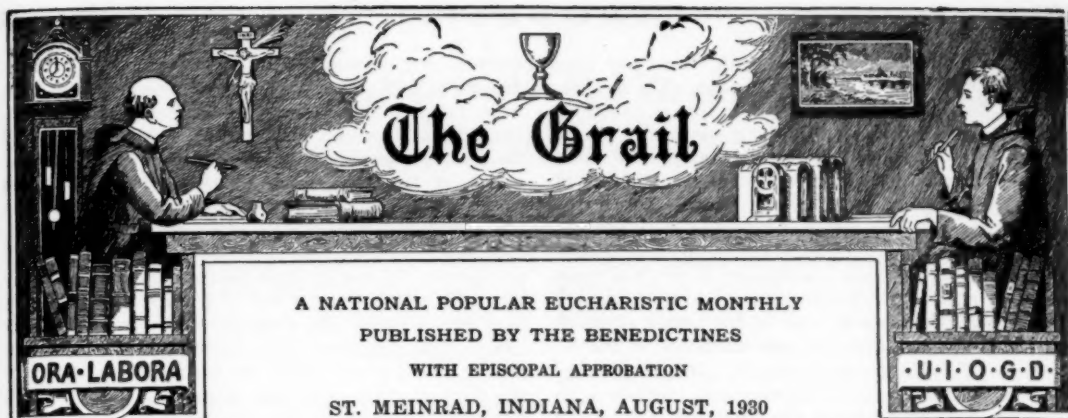
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The Holy Father's Blessing

Anniversaries of births, marriages, vows, ordinations, as well as of other memorable events in life, are often kept with rejoicing and jubilation. On occasions such as these the jubilarians are generally the recipients of the good wishes of their friends, and frequently of mementoes too.

Among the silver jubilees of ordination celebrated recently was that of the editor, who was dragged into the limelight by the June issue of *THE GRAIL*. There is no need of further publicity, except to express a word of gratitude to God for His bounty, and heartfelt thanks to considerate friends for the loving kindness manifested. Among the numerous spiritual favors bestowed was the blessing of the Holy Father, which came unsolicited through the good offices of a former pupil, Father Bonaventure (George) Paulukas, O. P., who is taking a postgraduate course in the Dominican College at Rome. — May God amply reward all these good friends for their generosity.

Under the caption, "Nebraska, Ho!" on last month's editorial page of *THE GRAIL*, "V. D." told of the editor's escapade—his departure for the West, and of his ramblings o'er the hills that he had tramped in boyhood days. A week was spent with loved ones—the first in four years—and then a trip to the Indian missions in South and North Dakota was enjoyed in company with Father Sylvester, the zealous missionary who put Marty on the map. But more of this later, perhaps.—The mail that accumulated in the editor's sanctum in the meantime, and is still clamoring for recognition, took nearly all the joy out of the brief holiday.

Our Frontispiece

From the familiar figures drawn from field and farm life our Divine Savior passes to a familiar scene in the household—a woman preparing her dough for her daily bread. St. Matthew and St. Luke relate the parable of the leaven immediately after that of the Grain of Mustard Seed. St. Luke narrates it as follows:

THE PARABLE

"And again he said: Whereunto shall I esteem the kingdom of God to be like? It is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."

ITS EXPLANATION

The word "leaven" is mentioned frequently in the Old and the New Testament. The Jews were acquainted from early times with the use of leaven, for they used it in preparing the ordinary bread for daily consumption. There were two kinds in use among the ancients; one kind was prepared from a mixture of grape juice and millet or fine wheaten bran, the other, from dough which had been allowed to stand until it was sour. As a rule it was not specially prepared, but a piece of dough was kept from each baking and mixed on the following day with the fresh dough. If the bread had to be baked in a hurry, then people were content to do without the leaven. Our Savior says, the woman "hid," that is, mixed the leaven so thoroughly into the wheaten meal that it could no longer be discerned. Although the amount of bread to be baked must have been determined by the requirements of the different families, still it would seem from the frequent mention of "three measures" that this was the customary quantity allowed for a substantial meal.

ITS APPLICATION

The close connection of this parable with the previous one (Mustard Seed) shows us that the fundamental idea which it is intended to express is similar. As the small, insignificant grain of mustard seed contains in itself such strength that it grows into a big tree, so also the trifling little morsel of leaven possesses strength to penetrate the whole big mass of meal in a short time. Here again we find expressed the one supreme law of the divine Kingdom, in which God chooses those who are weak and lowly to carry out His great designs. But in the characteristic difference of this parable from that of the mustard seed there is

pointed out to us a particular truth which our Lord wished to place before us in this image. The development of the tiny seed into a gigantic tree is something external and perceptible, something outwardly prominent and striking, and therefore admirably suited to be an image of the outward extension of the kingdom of God. The working of the leaven, on the contrary, is confined more to the interior of the mass in which it is hidden. In the one is shown the fact of the propagation of the faith, in the other, the manner in which it operates. We may make various other applications to suit our own individual needs. One of the truths of which this simile reminds us is the one contained in the injunction: "Withstand beginnings." Little, unchecked passions can corrupt the best manners. Self-love, allowed free rein, will corrupt the heart and make it the repository of moral decay, sin. But a spark of true love of God, fanned into an ever-growing fire, will destroy this moral corruption in the human heart, and make it as pure as the unleavened bread that the Savior has chosen as the means of becoming our daily, supersubstantial Food.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

DOG DAYS

Yes; August is here! Can't you feel it? The sun, blazing his molten way across the steel vault of sky, has a good deal to do with your feelings just now. People call these days "dog days." That's what they are—days which are dangerous to dogs! But they can just as easily be dangerous to the souls of men. And how? Precisely in this manner: man is apt during the hot weather to throw off the soul's safeguards along with his outer clothing. What a pity those safeguards are not so deeply rooted that they refuse to be shed. But experience shows that the wide margin too often given the body during the hot season has pernicious effects on the soul. The physical part of you says, "Aw, it's too warm to be bothered with this shirt," and you promptly relieve yourself of its clammy irritation.... And your moral and spiritual deportment is only too ready to ape this natural craving for physical comfort and ease. Oh, yes! during these "dog days" there are many people who are literally "going to the dogs" by allowing their aptitude for bodily comfort to enslave the inherent powers of their will. Their mind, their reason tells them they have obligations; their natural inclination bids them cast them to the wind for the time being. Perhaps the very act of casting them to the wind will create sufficient draft to cool the body a little! Foolish people! Untimely excuses for missing Mass on Sundays seem to be as plentiful during the month of August as radio stations on a cold, crisp night in winter. But in spite of all the ice-cooled arguments that ever presented themselves to the feverish mind,

there is that unpretentious, silently working little invention of God—the liturgy—tugging away at the finer, more sublime, upper strata of men's souls and leading them to their weekly duty of worship at the foot of God's altar; pulling them away from the sizzling pavements of the staggering, sultry world without and drawing them within, to the cool spiritual atmosphere of God's holy temple. Now, if never before, it is time to listen to the call of the liturgy, to heed its gentle persuasion. If you fly from Satan with the same alacrity with which you get out of a mad dog's way, you have little to fear. St. Peter calls the devil a "roaring lion." But it makes little difference to us—roaring lion or mad dog, he is ever the enemy of mankind. In the final analysis, even the people who *pet* the devil get bit!

WELLSPRINGS OF JOY

The liturgy has been called the handmaid of the Holy Spirit. How pleasant it is then to see this handmaid bringing in refreshments when the Mystical Body of Christ—the world of Christian souls—is suffering under such disadvantages from the torpor of the flesh! On August 5 we find placed before us a most *cooling* draught, the feast of our Lady of the *Snows*. The

(Continued on page 180)

The Joes

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B.

8. *Courting Disaster*

While Judas battled still in Galaad
And Simon in the North, all their high deeds—
Were noised far and wide; the home Jews glad
Hailed the good tidings, sang those gallant feats.

But the two captains who held Sion safe,
Joseph and Azarias, felt the sting
Of envy at their breast; and they did chafe
That Judas had forbid all foraying.

"Now march we west, the town invest
Of Jamnia by the sea!
The foe will feel, we wheel our steel
As well as Machabee!"

Five thousand men charged down with them
Into the open plain;
But Gorgias threw his troops out too
From Jamnia's fort amain.

Each man's cuirass was of stout brass,
His horse's speed was dread;
And when the fight ended that night
Two thousand Jews were dead!

The heart that will not bear stern duty's rein
Betrayeth its own self,—shall rue the day!
'Tis reckless of all moral loss and stain
Unto the bitter end of its sweet way.

Wherefore We Pray Thee

Thou shalt accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations, and whole-burnt offerings.—Ps. 50, 21.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"FATHER, I have been to St. Albans," was Ed Allen's greeting to Father Gilbert as the two met before St. Joseph's Church.

"Another vacation, eh?" teased Father Gilbert.

"You seem to know where I spend my vacations," the young man corroborated. "But I came to tell you that I got a glimpse of the library this time."

"And?"

"Oh, well, I couldn't begin to give you a full report, for it was far from my intention to take an inventory."

"I didn't suppose that you stole the library catalogue," the pastor replied somewhat gruffly. "However, seeing, you seem not to have seen."

"Yes, indeed, I saw some interesting old tomes about which I wanted to tell you," the young man responded in a more apologizing tone. "What struck me most were some old-time missals, hand-written, beautifully decorated."

"I'll wager that I can name to you the very portion that was the most artistically illuminated," the priest assured as he waved his hand at a passerby.

"It was after the preface," Allen hastened to interrupt. "I recalled how as an altar boy I used to be puzzled by the large picture of the crucifixion which would suddenly appear in your Mass book."

"Yes," Father Gilbert nodded. "The develop-



THE MISSAL OPENED AT THE CANON

ment of that illustration is quite interesting."

"Interesting!" exclaimed the other with curiosity beaming from his eyes. "Please, Father."

"Here is the explanation: the canon of the Mass begins with the word 'Te'—'Thee' (therefore, we humbly beseech and pray). Now the capital 'T' represents a cross, the so-called 'tau cross' corresponding to the Greek letter 'tau' which is similar to our English capital 'T.' It is distinguished from the Greek cross on which the extension above the horizontal beam is equal in length to the portion below; from the oblique cross (popularly called St. Andrew's cross) which resembles the letter 'X'; from the Latin cross, the transverse piece of which is shorter than the upright. According to some authorities it is not so improbable that the cross on which Christ died was a 'tau cross.' Thus the first prayer of the canon begins with a sign that is a strong reminder of the passion of the Savior. Pope Innocent III (d. 1216) thinks that the letter 'T' is placed here not by mere chance but by a special Providence because during the canon particularly the priest should keep before his eyes the mystery of the cross of which the Mass is the continuation and enactment. One unwittingly recalls the words of the Prophet Ezekiel."

"Father, you might suspect that I know extremely little of the Prophet Ezekiel," Allen hinted pleadingly. "Note then the text of the holy Prophet: 'Go through the midst of the city through the midst of Jerusalem: and mark *thau* upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof. . . . Upon whomsoever thou shalt see *thau*, kill him not.' This 'thau' is the Hebrew '*tau*' which in ancient times had the shapes of a Roman cross and later on of the oblique or St. Andrew's cross. Hence the man of God is told to mark for salvation those who show concern for the abominations in Jerusalem. So also in the New Law the true penitents are sealed with the sign of redemption, the cross, and in consequence are spared for eternity as the life of the man was spared in Ezekiel's vision. Lest you fail to see the connection let me say that it is the Mass preëminently that conveys to us the fruits of the Cross; that makes us Christlike, cross-

like; that signs us, so to say, with the 'tau.' I see that you are wrinkling your brow again. What is it?"

"Pardon me, Father, but didn't you speak of the picture of the crucifixion? Now you are harping just on the first letter of the canon."

"Your objection is not so valid as you think it is," Father Gilbert said with a twinkle in his eye. "Since you are holding me up again we shall have to find a different 'parking place.' Don't you see the sign: 'No parking—by police orders.'"

Allen laughed heartily.

"There," Father Gilbert pointed to a lawn settee, "we shall be undisturbed. But first get the large Mass book out of the sacristy."

"Here we are," Allen invited, having opened the missal at the canon. "You spoke of a development, Father."

"So I did," the pastor assented. "You see the capital 'T' naturally lent itself to elaborate illuminations or decorations. Its cross-form suggested Calvary and the image of our crucified Lord was placed on it. Afterwards other miniature decorations were added. Gradually the whole crucifixion scene was painted at the beginning of the canon. Finally this matter was considered so important that the picture became independent of the text and a separate page was given to the illustration so that now there is scarcely one large missal that has not the extra page between the preface and the canon."

"I say, that's interesting," commented the visitor as he fumbled for his English pocket missal. "Let me read the whole prayer from my own missal, for I can still understand United States better than Latin."

"You have the floor."

"Father here goes the reel:

"Wherefore, we humbly pray and beseech Thee, most merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, to receive and to bless these † gifts, these † presents, these † holy, unspotted sacrifices, which we offer up to Thee in the first place, for Thy holy Catholic Church, that it may please Thee to grant her peace, to guard, unite, and guide her throughout the world; as also for Thy servant, N., our Pope, and N., our bishop, and for all who are orthodox in belief and who profess the Catholic and apostolic faith."

"You see," Father Gilbert began quite abruptly, "this prayer forms the first of the three portions of the first canon oration concluded by an 'Amen.' As in Gethsemani Christ presented Himself as a propitiatory victim thrice to the Father so the Church in preparation for this great Eucharistic Sacrifice recites a triple prayer in immediate preparation for the great Act, namely, a prayer for the whole Church, one for the living, and one for a union with the saints."

"But that word 'wherefore,' Father."

"I thought that term would bother you." Father Gilbert smiled. "It is a term of transition from the preface and the sanctus to the canon: it seems to show the intimate connection between the two parts; it may also be used for emphasis. Now before you interrupt me again I want to stress the fact that this prayer is a humble supplication addressed to our most merciful Father in heaven. The prayers of the Church during the Divine Sacrifice are directed to the Father. The Third Council of Carthage ordained: 'During the August Function the prayer should be addressed to God the Father.' It does not follow that the other two Divine Persons are to be excluded; they are to be considered together with the Father Their First Principle. Hence the Church is accustomed to add the Son as Co-regent in the unity with the Holy Ghost. I see you are somewhat fidgety again."

"Yes," whined Allen, "I don't understand why the English translation doesn't stick to the order of the words of the Latin."

"Your demand is unreasonable. Our very idiom makes the case impossible. It is true the Latin is more impressive by having 'Te' (Thee) as the opening word of the prayer. The celebrant says, as it were: '*Thee* before whom, at the beginning of the Mass, we prostrated ourselves; *Thee* to whom, at the foot of the altar, we acknowledged our guilt; *Thee* before whose face, at the Gloria, we gave free reins to our jubilation; *Thee* whose words of life, at the Gospel, we hearkened to; *Thee* before whose Divine Majesty we gave solemn protestation of our faith in the words of the Credo; *Thee* in whose honor, in the words of the preface and Sanctus we chanted holy praises with the angelic choirs; *Thee*, I say, O most merciful Fa-

ther we humbly pray and beseech. Oh, what a solemn introduction! This address is in a way similar to that uttered in the Garden of Olives. The first word that passed over the agonizing Savior's lips as the disciples lay asleep and as the drops of blood oozed as sweat through His pores was 'Father.' The term inflames our heart to childlike love and the knowledge of a Father's pity gives us confidence so as not to despair because of our utter sinfulness."

Allen, looking up from his missal, interrupted Father Gilbert: "There is mention made here also of Christ the Son."

"Of course there is," the priest emphasized, "but Christ is not the addressee. The Father is requested to bless the sacrificial gifts through the meditation of the Redeemer. This expression: 'Through Christ our Lord' is repeated over and over in the canon. A pious writer says: 'There is no prayer in the Church that does not end with this conclusion. It is the chariot of triumph on which all our prayers are carried to heaven. Grand is this conclusion which invokes as intercessor and mediator the only-begotten Son of God, the eternal King, in whom, for whom, and through whom all things exist. O efficacious and mighty conclusion! The Father almighty will refuse His beloved Son nothing: "If you ask the Father anything in My name He will give it to you." You are still not satisfied.'

Love's Offering

FLOE B. STRAITWELL

Have you turned aside from the surging throng,
All alone, and none seemed to care?
Have you turned and passed through an open door,
To the One Who awaits you there?

He is longing to comfort your aching heart,
He is pleading His love for you;
And with patience He waits for His own to come,
But the souls that respond are few.

His delight is to be with His loved ones here,
But they carelessly turn aside;
Oh, there never was love like the Savior gave,
When for sinful men He died.

Pause a moment to offer Him some return,
There is naught of your own to bring;
But He gave His own body and blood for you
To lay down as love's offering.

"You are again reading my mind," Allen acknowledged as his eyes rested on a passer-by who didn't seem to know what to make of the big book on the settee. "The double expression 'receive' and 'bless' is buried in mystery for me."

A shrug of the shoulder was Father Gilbert's momentary reply. "As if," he remarked, "people of polish didn't use similar terms: 'Accept my Christmas gift; have a cigar'; etc. Only, in giving to God we also receive something ourselves and hence we add 'bless.' Homage is due to the Creator (receive) and blessing accrues to the creature (bless). Besides we implore Him not to refuse our offering as the oblations of the ancient rites were rejected (Psalms, Malachias), but we beseech God to sanctify them beforehand for their exalted destiny."

Father Gilbert was called to the office for a few moments. Allen in the meantime studied the prayer, in order, as he put it, to prepare a systematic bombardment. On the pastor's return the questioner made no secret of his 'plot.'

"Fire away," was the priest's challenge.

"Well, why does the celebrant say 'we pray' instead of 'pray'?" Allen objected boldly. "He is reciting the prayer all by himself."

"Your difficulty is again not serious," Father Gilbert assured. "Some have thought that the plural is a remnant of the ancient practice of concelebration (two or more priests saying Mass jointly). However, the silent recitation of the canon is of great antiquity. Hence a second explanation seems more natural: the priest utters this prayer in the capacity of an official mediator in behalf of the people. The faithful pray with the priest and may use the identical prayer; he treats with God in their stead; then too the people have furnished the gifts and oblations on which the blessing is invoked."

"A second gun is loaded, Father," the young man hinted with a questioning smile.

"Ed," threatened Father Gilbert, "I'll have your name changed to 'General' or at least 'Colonel Allen.'"

"Ah, Father, I don't want people to give me their military salute. Besides I want to remain at the 'canon.' Hence my new query: 'Why those crosses?'"

"Didn't I explain to you in our last tussle that crosses before the consecration imply a blessing on the elements of oblation and that after the consecration they point back to the sacrifice of Calvary? Pope Benedict XIV declares that three crosses are made to indicate that this great mystery is accomplished through the Most Holy Trinity."

"But why speak of 'gifts,' 'presents,' and 'sacrifices' in one breath when but one thing is meant?"

"One and the same thing is meant' objectively, granted; 'one and the same thing is meant' under one and the same aspect, nay. Things received may be considered from various points of view: in relation to the giver and in so far they are in our case called *gifts* coming from God; in relation to the receiver and thus they are called *presents* which we give back to God; in relation to the offerer and hence they are known as *sacrifices*, being destined to become the body of the Immaculate Lamb. Some make the application directly to the precious Blood: it is a *gift* of God as the price of our redemption; it is a *present* to God being the only thing worth while that we can pay Him; it is a *sacrifice* to God since it is soon to be shed mystically. Innocent III also makes a spiritual and mystical reflection in reference to the expression 'unspotted sacrifice.' He speaks of the purity of heart and body with which the priest (and of course the faithful with him) should celebrate Mass. He adds: 'We call them (the gifts) by that name which corresponds to the condition of soul necessary for the priest when he offers them.'"

Whilst a sudden gust of wind caused the leaves of Allen's missal to flutter so that he lost his place, Father Gilbert continued: "I am not going to wait for your next question. You should know, however, who are the chief beneficiaries of the Mass; they are mentioned right here: the Sacrifice of the Mass is above all offered up for the Catholic Church. Hence the petition 'to grant her peace, to guard, unite, and guide her throughout the world.'"

"That's right, that's what the prayer says," Allen interposed.

"These motives," Father Gilbert went on, "evidently appeal to God because they further the interests of His Divine Son. Moreover, all

the faithful who are in the state of grace participate in the hundreds of thousands of Masses celebrated daily in the whole world. This is the general fruit of the Holy Sacrifice. Wherefore let us not fail to unite our acts of worship, our thanksgiving, our satisfactions, our petitions, with all the priests at the altar of God.

"Peace in the Church is her cherished blessing. She should be able to pursue her mission unhindered. Yet the conditions of this world are such that as a rule her journey is a warlike pilgrimage. She is the Church Militant and as Father Faber says 'she never gets beyond a truce and it is seldom that she gets as much as that.' Then too she is 'less at ease in a concordat than in catacombs.'

"Protection against her enemies belongs to the safety of the Church. Hence we beseech the Father to guard her as the 'apple of His eye,' to shelter her 'under His wings' lest the gates of hell prevail against her. However, we are certain that the 'Lord of armies is with her and that the God of Jacob is her protector.'

"Unity is, above all, essential for the Church. Hence the request to give her unity, that is, by bringing back her erring and prodigal children so that there may be but one flock and one shepherd and by removing all dissensions among the faithful themselves so that they be one heart and one soul.

"Good government in the Church is another requisite for her well-being."

"Father,"——

"A little patience! I am 'at the bat' now. Because of the burning desire to enjoy good government in the Church explicit mention is made of the Pope, the universal Shepherd, of the diocesan bishop, the immediate pastor of the faithful, and finally of all those who directly or indirectly contribute their mite to the good discipline and the spread of the Church. St. Benedict says of the abbot of a monastery that he must consider how difficult and arduous a task he has undertaken of ruling souls. St. Gregory Nazianzen (d. 389) at one time shunned the episcopate by saying: 'It is only with fear and trembling that I think of the task of directing and governing such a multitude of men who in every way as to culture and inclinations are so different one from another. The guidance of such a mass of humanity, con-

sisting of thousands of souls, is no less difficult than would be the taming of a huge, living monster composed of numerous living wild beasts.' St. Gregory dreads the government of one diocese, but here is the Supreme Shepherd charged with the responsibility of the whole world. Yet, humanly speaking, he is bereft of all power save that given by the Gospel. Consequently at this part of the Mass we ought to be mindful of St. Paul's words: 'Remember your prelates who have spoken the words of God to you. . . . Pray for your prelates and be subject to them. For they watch as being to render an account of your souls.'

"Father, if I may ask," Allen now ventured timidly, "how is this practice of mentioning Pope and bishop?"

"It is very ancient," Father Gilbert stressed. "We know this, that during the pontificate of Pope Felix III (d. 492) Acacius of Constantinople expunged the name of the Pope from the canon. His act called forth universal disapproval. As to the bishop, his name does not occur in some manuscripts prior to the eleventh century, but the omission was evidently only local. Formerly before the sixteenth century the ruling prince's name was likewise added. However, since the reform of the missal under St. Pius V (d. 1572) no temporal ruler receives this honor. An exception would be the result only of a special indult. Clement XIII (d. 1769) had made such a concession to the Empress Maria Theresa and to her successors on the Austrian throne."

"It must be somewhat embarrassing for a pope or bishop to pronounce his own name daily at such a solemn rite."

Father Gilbert smiled good-naturedly at Allen's simplicity.

"Why neither one's name is a bugbear," the priest jested. "Nevertheless let it console you to know that both the pope and the bishop call themselves 'unworthy servants' and omit their respective names. Then, in case the papal or episcopal See should be vacant, the individual name is simply suppressed. Let me immediately explain the concluding words: 'and for all who are orthodox in belief and who profess the catholic and apostolic faith.'"

"Yes, Father, there is a 'hook.' What in the world can 'orthodox' mean? Some of the Rus-

sians down on Bergen Street always claim that they have the 'orthodox' faith and belong to the 'Orthodox Church.' "

"'Orthodox Church'! there isn't much left of that nowadays," commented Father Gilbert. "But you didn't suppose that a special reference was made in the canon to that church?"

"Well, Father, I didn't know whether or not we prayed for their conversion."

"Oh, yes, we do, but the term 'orthodox' is not here applied to the Russians or to any Orientals in particular. Understand that 'orthodox' means correct in doctrine. The members of the so-called 'Orthodox' Church maintain that they have the correct doctrine and yet they deny the Primacy of the Holy Father. Now to come to our point, authorities generally refer the closing words of this canon prayer to the priests and to all such among the faithful as are eminent for their faith and zeal in the spread of the kingdom of God. The members of the Church are commemorated in the next prayer."

Just then a car halted before the rectory. Allen pleaded hurriedly: "Father, before those tourists call you, just this one more query. I promise you on my word of honor that it will be the last for to-day."

"Why such formality?" ejaculated the priest.

"I have noticed that so many ceremonies are connected with this prayer."

"Yes, the whole canon is replete with ceremonies. This prayer, too, is accompanied by such actions as are well adapted to inspire sentiments of devotion. At first the priest extends and elevates his hands as high as his shoulders—a posture most proper to express his fervency of desire; he raises his eyes to heaven (the cross) because he is convinced that success can come only from on high; he lowers both his eyes and his hands, which he joins—an attitude of a criminal craving pardon; his body is profoundly inclined before the altar—a pose externally expressive of the humility and self-abasement with which his heart should be penetrated; at the words 'petimus—we beseech' he kisses the altar as a fresh sign of respect and love for Christ who is typified by the altar; and after having joined his hands once more he blesses the sacrificial elements to communicate to them the virtue of the cross; his pleading

prayer with extended arms is thus continued; finally at the name of the Supreme Pontiff he makes a slight obeisance as a sign of reverence to the representative of Jesus Christ. Now don't you think that these external ceremonies, so fully indicative of the dispositions suggested by this prayer, should, when properly considered by us, excite in us the most fervent sentiments of confidence, love, and veneration, and prepare our minds and our hearts the better for the most solemn moment of the consecration?"

"You are right, Father," replied Allen as one of the tourists approached the settee with a sign to Father Gilbert.

"Excuse me, Ed," the pastor said by way of apology, "but this man's affair will engage me for some time."

"Very well. Thank you, Father," the young man called after the priest, who was soon out of sight and evidently occupied by a matter of importance.

Little Black Rose

NANCY BUCKLEY

You blossomed on Sorrow's hill,
Little Black Rose of the World,
And you have known winter's chill,
Little Black Rose of the World;
But, even so, you still beguile
Our hearts with your courageous smile,
Little Black Rose of the World.

Your eyes have been wet with tears,
Little Black Rose of the World;
Your soul has been filled with fears,
Little Black Rose of the World;
But under Irish skies are true
Stanch hearts that gladly die for you,
Little Black Rose of the World.

Dawn's Song

FRANCES GORMAN RISSE

Again the wond'rous miracle of dawn
Transforms the world! The golden sun once more
Leaps, laughing, from the gray horizon's arms,
And flings gay, gauzy veils across the floor
Of Heaven, till the purple curtains part
And show their linings—rose and gold and blue,
Now, who can sigh and mourn, while glory waits
With a new pledge, a brighter promise, true?
So hope has been reborn in weary hearts,
So it will be, through countless ages long—
Those who can listen bravely to night's dirge
Will join triumphantly in morning's song!

Our Sixth National Eucharistic Congress

BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B.

ON September 23, 24, and 25, 1930, Omaha will entertain within her hospitable walls the largest number of Catholics that has ever gathered there at anyone time. The occasion is the Sixth National Eucharistic Congress of the United States, which will convene in response to the urgent invitation of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rummel, D. D., Bishop of this midwestern metropolis.

In point of years Omaha is young. Three quarters of a century ago the city—where was it? On the slopes of its hills then grazed the antelope, the deer, the buffalo, which are now replaced by droves of sleek cattle in spacious stockyards waiting for eastern markets. O'er the hills, once bedecked with tepees, has passed the fairies' wand, changing the scene to one of skyscrapers and other monuments to the ingenuity of man. Where but a few decades ago wheeled the eagle, the aeroplane cleaves the air. Strong bridges now span the Missouri, then crossed by the canoe. The Indian pony trail has been supplanted by the iron road and the concrete slab. The hills that formerly re-echoed to the neighing of the pony and the war cry of painted braves now resound with the shrill whistle of the locomotive and the blast of the klaxon. And this has all come to pass within the ordinary lifetime of man.

This thriving 'frontier' town, which is centrally located between New York and San Francisco (being 1400 miles from the former and 1800 from the latter), with its ten trunk lines ranks fourth in size as railroad center. But its inhabitants are not wholly engrossed in business pursuits, nor entirely occupied with temporal affairs that vanish with this perishable life. Numerous church spires throughout the city are ample proof of

this. The Catholics alone worship God in thirty-five churches. Then, besides Creighton University, there a number of other large institutions under the maternal care of the Church.

The diocese of Omaha, which comprises twenty-three counties, was erected in 1885, having been a Vicariate-Apostolic since 1857. Among those who ruled over this territory one was an archbishop, Most Rev. Jeremiah J. Hart, consecrated Archbishop of Manila, but transferred to Omaha in 1916. It is in this enterprising young city of sterling Catholicity, to which lead the highways, byways, and air lanes of the country, that our Sixth National Eucharistic Congress will be held.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, who comes as the representative of the Holy Father, will open the Congress with a Solemn Pontifical High Mass in St. Cecilia's Cathedral at 9:30 on Tuesday



morning, September 23. At this opening service the Archbishop of Dubuque, Most Rev. Francis J. L. Beckmann, will preach on "The Blessed Sacrament, by Divine Institution, the Source and Center of Christian Life."

On Wednesday morning there will be a children's service at which Rt. Rev. Charles D. White, Bishop of Spokane, will preach. His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein is scheduled to address the outdoor, laymen's meeting in Creighton Stadium Wednesday night on "The Blessed Eucharist and Catholic Action."

A large outpouring of clergy and laity is anticipated at this Eucharistic Congress. The railroads have granted special reduced fares as an inducement to travel by train. Many will, no doubt, go by automobile.

Earnest prayer is solicited for the success of the Congress that greater love may be enkindled in the hearts of the faithful for the Holy Eucharist, Emmanuel—God with us, and that this great Sacrament of Love may become known to those not now of the Faith.

He Who Studies

HARRY W. FLANNERY

A CONSIDERATION of no person is so interesting as that of a student unless it be a lover. All of us are interested in the lover because all of us have been deeply in love at least once, and are less profoundly in love at all times; and most of us are interested in the student because most of us were once desperate hunters of the truth, and all of us are inclined to seek it less desperately always. The lover and the student are much alike. Both are actuated by an intense longing—both seek a mistress. Sometimes the lover succeeds in his quest, but the student possibly never, for the truth is a fickle mistress who ever eludes the grasp, although some are so foolish as to suppose they have captured and wedded truth, and have really wedded no more than her shadow. And when a student becomes thus satisfied, he ceases to be a student, for he ceases to have the necessary longing for the soul of things.

The true student is always a student, always a wooer of alluring truth, which leads him, in his happy chase, ever nearer to the soul of things, but never to the goal until, possibly, he

loses his hindering body. He is ever endeavoring to get at the heart of things, and if he studies efficiently, he is best able to do that by a study of not many things, but a few, thoroughly. "I fear the man of one book," says the sage. Rather than divert his way by many paths, the efficient study travels but one or few, and so arrives farther along his road to truth.

The true student is a fascinating study. He and his fellows make a pleasing picture gathered in a room of the ideal university. I like to picture that room in a certain way—a large room, of old English construction, with large beams across the ceiling, with wide, airy windows, lighting the many books along the walls, and the tables around which sit young men discussing many things. I like to envisage even better, being a sensuous being, the scenes in Hugo and Thackeray, where Marius and his fellow students gathered in the old taverns and talked over their thoughts, Marius or Courfeyrac now and then flushed with a bit too much drink, orating on some thought that particularly impressed him; where Esmond drank ale in the coffee houses frequented by Steele, Addison, and other wits; where Pendennis supped at the Back Kitchen with his friends. As they sit about the tables conversing, with portly waiters rushing past with steaming soups and meats, I am reminded of the reflection that a meal exists as much for the enjoyment of conversation as for the enjoyment of food. These scenes give one an idea of the student life when it is most interesting and fruitful. They suggest pleasant conversation, friendly argument, and generosity of opinion, all bringing progress in thought. The earnest student here studies men as well as books. He is anxious to put the best possible interpretation upon the motives of his fellow, and so becomes broader of mind, and learns to understand the working of other minds. He divides his time between men and books.

"Books are the best of things, well used"; Emerson says, "abused, among the worst." They are canned knowledge, the written thoughts of experienced men, and have value in that they enable men to learn the workings of other minds, and bring knowledge quicker than experience can. But their value depends

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Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER XII—THE SERPENT'S VOICE

IT was a stormy Christmas. The wind that swept up from the marshes around Eastry whistled and howled, and the great trees in the forest behind it roared, and groaned, with a sound like the beating of breakers upon a rock-bound coast. The sun set red in the west, and the dark clouds that followed it out of the east overspread the whole sky. It was scarcely dark ere it began to snow, gustily at first, and more steadily as the wind fell, first into a sobbing wail, and then, about midnight, ceased altogether.

Many changes had come to the Kingdom of Kent in those few years. The second part of Brother Hugh's prophecy had been fulfilled for Erconbert survived his solemn hallowing scarcely more than a year ere he yielded the crown to his son and Egbert had thus found himself burdened with the cares and burden of a kingdom. On this night he sat in his father's place facing the altar, in the chapel at Eastry. The Princes Ethelred and Ethelbright were on his right hand, and gathered together for the Christmas Mass were as many of the thanes and earls of Kent as could find room in the small chapel. Theodore the Archbishop had come from Canterbury that he might confer with the King on certain matters of great weight, and he presided at the altar. The rude chapel was a bower of green branches, and lighted only by the pine torches that were reflected in the silver ornaments of the altar and in the shining vestments of the Archbishop and his attendant priests, and the burnished shields of the thanes that were ranged around the walls.

Somewhere in the darkness knelt the men of the household and behind them the women who served in the palace, all hushed and reverent as was fitting the night of the birth of Christ. The chants of Lauds died away just as the Archbishop approached the altar for the midnight Mass. The flickering lights, the dead silence, the King with his people kneeling alike

before God's altar, all added to the solemnity of the festival. Adalbert was in attendance upon the Archbishop and Brother Hugh, with some of his fellow monks from Canterbury were the acolytes.

Thunor stood in the shadows watching all that was going on with a scowl of dislike that was almost like contempt, for he hated Christianity as he hated Egbert, and more even than Egbert he hated Hereward to whose influence he attributed the Lady Alfrida's steady refusal to aspire to a marriage with the new King. Erconbert's death had come so unexpectedly as to surprise Thunor. It was the very thing he had hoped for, and yet he was powerless to push the thing through to a successful issue. Egbert was no weakling, and Thunor knew it well. He knew that the new King would permit none of his thanes to rule him, even were that thane his father-in-law, but in spite of everything it seemed to Thunor that he would have gained a point if the King would appear to sue for the hand of Alfrida, and thus put an end at once, and for ever, to Hereward's suit.

Alfrida knelt with Edith and the rest of the women. She had grown to full womanhood now, but she had lost none of her beauty, rather it was fuller and more perfect, with an added charm of spirituality that impressed Hereward with fear. He glanced toward her from time to time, but she did not look up: the scowl of her father came between him and his prayers.

The Mass ended. Theodore had given the Holy Housel to Egbert and the Princes, kneeling beside him on the lowest step of the altar. Alfrida had followed them, then came the thanes and earls, and then the rest of the household, and all the while Thunor had stood sullenly beside the door of the chapel playing with the hilt of his sword.

When the King had made an end of his devotions, and rose to leave the chapel, followed by Hereward with his sword and shield, Thunor stepped forward to speak to him.

"I would speak with the King," he said, so sharply that it was almost a command.

Egbert looked at him, "In the morning I will see you, Thunor, I go to my chamber now," he said.

"Then, I must accompany you thither," persisted Thunor with a glance at Hereward.

The King noticed the look, and the enmity in it. "Go to rest, Hereward," he said patiently, "it seems that this good man must have his way." And turning again to Thunor he said, "Tell me here. We are alone, but be brief for it is late, and I would rest."

"It is therefore that I chose this moment for we shall be undisturbed. I have noticed of late that you look not upon me with favor, and yet I am as true to you as any of these Christian thanes. I was bred in a hard school, and perchance I lack the gentleness of some that I know, but there is none of them all more attached to your person, or more earnest in your service, than Thunor the servant of Odin."

Egbert made an impatient gesture, "I know all that. Tell me the reason of your speech for you surely have some plan," he returned looking sharply at the thane as he spoke.

"Nay, I have no reason, unless it be a reason to distrust the policy of your counsellors."

"The policy of my counsellors concerns them, and me," returned the King stiffly.

"Think you it does not concern me? Listen, King! It is for love that I speak, the rugged love of a warrior that is both strength and tenderness. The Archbishop is a worthy man albeit he is a Christian. Ha! you do not like that, King, but I speak plainly for I am no courtier. Suffer me to finish. The Archbishop sees no danger to your crown nor to your person in what he doth, yet he doth in fact divide the people. There are those who say that the sons of Ermenred should rule in their father's place. They are nearly of age, and as like their father as young men can be to an old one, and they are learned to boot. It is this that the common people are saying, and they say much more, and most of the earls and some of the thanes are with them also."

"I had thought better of you, Thunor. If this is all that you have to say to me, forbear. What would you have me to do? Shall I be less than a friend to the orphans of my father's brother?

And have they not stood aside ceding their just claims to me?"

"Is that cession which comes of necessity?"

"There was no necessity, Thunor. It was their free choice. They are better contented as they are and I doubt not but that I am fitter for the office of King than they, yet, had they but spoken the word I had knelt to them in homage, even as I did to their father, and gladly too."

"Gladly!" flashed Thunor. "Nay, then, by Odin you deceive yourself, King! You would not so easily allow the mantle of power to slip from your own shoulders, that others might wear it, not now, having tasted the fruits of kingship. You know that you can fill the office better than they, better than any other at this time. You will have sons, too, who will come after you," he suggested.

"Time enough to think on those matters when the need arises," he replied briefly. "Go now, for I would fain rest, and the hour is so late that it will soon be time to rise." He made as though to pass on but Thunor held him fast by the sleeve.

"The King must needs lend his ear to a faithful servant," he insinuated, and his voice had grown strangely soft, so that Egbert wondered, it was so unlike Thunor to speak so.

"Well then, I will hear you, but again I bid you be brief."

"It would be policy to guard the Princes more closely, to hide them from the sight of those folks who see in them the lawful successors of the late King. It might even be that, in the days to come, your sons might find them, *in the way.*"

"How in the way?"

"Say you died, you are but mortal, King."

Egbert did not reply and Thunor proceeded. "It might be that your own sons would be of tender age, the Princes, or their sons, might stretch forth their hands to rob them of their inheritance, or the thanes might combine to set them on the throne of Kent, and thus, it might be, your sons would be deprived of their inheritance."

Egbert laughed, "You are seeing mischief to come, Thunor. But, as I have as yet no sons, the trouble is somewhat remote."

"I would that it were indeed so, King! You are overconfident. This very night I heard

murmurs amongst the earls, and the common people as they waited to see you and the Princes leave the chapel."

"Murmurs, Thunor?"

"Some said that it was shame to see the Lords Ethelred and Ethelbright thrust from their father's place and power. Others blamed the Archbishop, and accused him of weakness and of bowing to superior force and that he feared to take the part of the Princes against you lest he should bring suffering upon the Church."

"What then?" demanded Egbert haughtily, and Thunor saw that he had gained the King's ear at last but he would not press his advantage just then. "Nay, I said naught, King, but my hand ever sought the hilt of my sword, and I swore by Odin to stand by my King were I the only one to do it."

"I thank you for your fidelity, Thunor, greater I believe, than that of most men. I would that you were a Christian, man."

"I believe not in Christ, nor in the weakness of a religion that would counsel one to sit still and suffer what might chance. I am a man, and I will make or mar my own destiny. No, you cannot make a Christian of Thunor."

"Some day, perchance, you may see the thing otherwise. But I thank you for your fidelity and the proofs you have given me of it. It is not easy for a man to stand alone. I shall not forget."

"And you will have the Princes put where they can do no harm?" He bent forward eagerly and his eyes searched the King's face, until at last Egbert looked up and said reluctantly:

"Aye, if indeed it must be so. But use them with all gentleness, Thunor, for I loved their father."

"It shall be so, I will be as mild as I may be. Suffer me now to return, for it is already nearly morning."

"Aye, you may go, Thunor," laughed Egbert. "I remember not that it was I who asked for this interview. I had thought that it was *you* who detained *me*, somewhat against my will."

"For your good, King! Only for your good!" exclaimed the thane as he turned aside to let the King pass.

Egbert went to his rest heavily for a weight seemed to have descended upon his soul. It

was almost as though he had consented to a crime, yet he had meant nothing of the kind, and he went heavily, for he was weary.

(To be continued)

He Who Studies

(Continued from page 158)

upon the ability, sincerity, and previous knowledge of the reader. The successful student does not try to remember all they tell, and does not try, like George III, to learn foolish bits of dry facts. He uses books to learn the elements, to inspire. He ruminates over their content. Like the cow, which depends for her physical life upon rumination, he depends for his mental life upon rumination, a chewing of the thought cud.

And learning things, the prudent student takes care to remain humble. Once he is proud of his knowledge, he loses the ability for valuable camaraderie, and is no longer able to appreciate men, being puffed up with himself. The prudent student remembers that Christian met Ignorance in the land of Conceit.

The great life is one of never-ending study. A college course finished, the great adventure is to travel, to trod the scenes of inspiring romances, epochal productions, fascinating discoveries, to see where Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Bacon, Dante, Stevenson, Pascal, Riche-lieu, Plato, Homer, Aristotle, worked; to see where David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby, Jean Valjean, Don Quixote, Roland, Pendennis, were created. The voyage, to be perfect, would never end; it would be a marriage of the soul to experience.

My Call

ELIZABETH VOSS

When God shall call my soul
With Him to dwell,
To reach the starlight goal,
I can not tell.

But this I know, that He
Will lead me far
Across the heavenly lea,
Past sun and star.

Then free from stain, I'll fly
On joyous wing,
Where angels live on high,
And chorals sing.

A Bit of Heaven in the Irish Free State

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

"SURE, it's a little bit of Heaven," said the toil-worn woman from the city. She had followed me into the grounds of St. Damian's Convent, Donnybrook, and we were standing in front of the beautiful grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. Glorious flowers and stately shrubs surrounded us; above was a sky of cloudless blue, and in front was the austere yet arresting convent and chapel of the Poor Clare Colettines.

"Yes, it is just like Heaven," the toiler from the city soliloquized, hugging tight to her skimpy blue cardigan, two untidy brown paper parcels. "Down there at the end of the road, there are the trams and the motors and the busses and all the frightful noisy traffic, gives one the headache and the heartache too, and away in the slums there's dirt, and there's smoke, and there's grime, but here—" she drew a deep breath of unfeigned joy, and her wan face was transfigured by an ecstatic smile. "Here there's peace, and rest, and, oh, it's too lovely. I am so glad I took the tram out and I am so—so very happy."

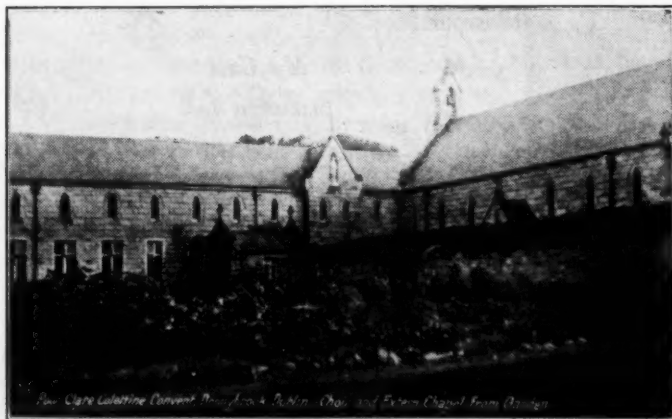
She looked even happier a few moments later, when she knelt before the tabernacle, in the beautiful little chapel. This, the extern chapel, is almost identically similar to the domestic chapel. Holy Mass is offered in the extern every morning, but never in the domestic oratory. The poor nuns never see the Holy Sacri-

fice offered. They hear Mass from their side, and the celebrant gives them Holy Communion through a grating, which may be seen in the accompanying illustration on the epistle side of the altar. When the priest places the monstrance on the altar, he has to mount a ladder and the Mother Abbess (by a special privilege of the Holy See) receives the Blessed Sacrament at the Nuns' side and exposes It to the adoration of the community. The Abbesses of the Poor Clares have the unique privilege of touching the monstrance in which the Blessed Sacrament reposes.

The foundation at St. Damian's Donnybrook, was made from the Carlow Convent, on the 26th of February, 1906. The enclosure was established on the 14th of March of the same year by the Most Reverend Doctor Donnelly. The enclosure was established in the present convent also by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly December 12th, 1910.

A curious thing about St. Damian's is that the fittings, candlesticks, altars, etc., in both the Nuns' and the extern chapel are of polished wood, and strange to relate it was this fact that attracted my friend, Sister Peter, when, like Japhet in search of a father, she was searching for a cloister in which to live the hidden life. Of course it was not the only factor determining her choice but she confided to me, it was one of the principal. Statues of the Seraphic Father St. Francis of Assisi, and the glorious and heroic Sts. Clare and Colette smile down upon us from their niches, and glowing fragrant flowers give a touch of color and of cheery brightness.

My little fellow pilgrim, the toiler from the city, rose from her knees and proceeded towards the convent, I following, and together we stood, waiting in a queue, near the turntable. We handed in our little offerings, and a sweet, clear voice from behind the grating directed us to the parlor.



CHOIR AND EXTERN CHAPEL FROM GARDEN

It was a bare, sparsely furnished room with a grating, screened by a thick black veil. The little city toiler did not enter it, she slipped unobtrusively away.

"Praised be Jesus and Mary," said a soft voice, the voice of my dear Sister Peter, and after a few moments' conversation, another voice chimed in. "It is Mother," said Sister Peter. "No, we do not call her Lady Abbess. She is Mother Abbess, our loved Mother."

After a few moments, as a special favor, "Mother" withdrew the veil. I was privileged for a few minutes not only to hear and speak, but to *see* and *hear* and *speak* to them *face to face*. From their bare feet to their veiled heads their habit is of the roughest and yet it was strangely appropriate and wonderfully becoming. They looked supremely happy and their radiant faces shone with perfect joy.

"And you never ring the bell, Mother," I said, somewhat reproachfully. "The folk round here tell me they have never once heard it since you came." "There is no need too," confided Mother, "they are all so kind to us, they give us far more than we require, and all sorts of things, matches, chocolates, and soap, and salt, fruit, and vegetables."

This was in reference to the bell the Colettines are supposed to ring when they have no food or clothing. They are an absolutely mendicant Order and can possess nothing of their own, neither food nor raiment and certainly no gold or treasury notes. They are quite dependent on charity. So in Dublin we are inclined to look upon the ringing of the bell, and hanging forth of the basket, as a mere legend.

The good Nuns never lack for necessities and are very often supplied with little luxuries. Of course they never touch meat, and practically take only one meal a day, at which they are allowed to partake of any dainty supplied by their friends. They pray for ten hours, never really lie down, but sleep on the most uncomfortable couch, do all the manual work in the house and garden, and yet are always gay, sympathetic, genial.

Mother slipped away from us some

time ago," said Sister Peter. "She went off to the North to open our new Convent in Belfast. You know we started there on Ascension Day, May 29th, 1924, and on the 2nd of June, 1926, the eve of Corpus Christi, Mother went up and assisted in moving them into their present home—the monastery of Our Lady and St. Michael.

"And they did give us a 'cead mile failte'," Mother chimed in, "a glorious welcome, took us to their hearts and warmed and fed us from their homes. It was wonderful."

It certainly was more than wonderful, it was miraculous. I thought of St. Colette's prophecy: "Under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, the reform will live in the monasteries of my daughters in religion until the end of time. No revolutions, nor the corruptions of the world, nor the decay of faith shall have power to extinguish this torch which was lighted by Jesus Christ Himself."

Yes, in our own day, in this materialistic, pleasure-loving, sceptical century, the poor, ascetic, penniless daughters of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Colette received an enthusiastic reception and were welcome in the very stronghold of Protestantism, in the very heart of Freemasonry alike by rich and poor, by Catholic and Protestant and non-Conformist.

A bell rang. "Benediction," said Mother, "and, *benedictus*," she added, as she stood erect,

(Continued on page 170)



INTERIOR OF EXTERN CHAPEL

Bigger than Luck

CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

"**W**HAT do you think it is that governs the course of our lives, Sally? Fate, or luck, or some divine guidance that we don't understand?"

It was Rose Kent who spoke, looking out across the lilac hedge to the garage, whence came the voice of Larry, her husband, and delighted shouts of glee from her babies and mine, who, attired in oilskin coats and diminutive rubber boots, were "helping" to wash the automobile.

There was something unusual in Rose's voice, something that told me hers was no idle question, and I laid down my sewing and joined her at the window.

"It seems to me that luck plays a big part in our lives," I answered.

"I'd like to think it was something bigger than luck," she went on soberly. "I'd like to know that there's some real reason why Larry, a college graduate and specimen of perfect health, should be driving Doctor Gordon's car for a living."

I glanced quickly at Rose's face. Somehow her words, natural as they were, surprised me. She and Larry had seemed so safely anchored these last five years, and all the time before had been so fraught with wrecking storms. For happy-go-lucky Larry had led poor, loyal Rose through a period of turmoil before long weeks in the hospital gave him time for thought and led to his friendship for the attending surgeon, who, discovering their financial straits, had offered Larry a chance to go as chauffeur to his classmate Doctor Gordon.

Larry had accepted the post eagerly, glad of anything that would give Rose a home; but they had found more than that, for the Gordons proved loyal friends; and the years had brought two longed-for children. I couldn't believe Rose was dissatisfied, yet I ventured the question.

She smiled at that, and slipped an arm around me.

"I dissatisfied—with all I have to make me happy? I'm *too* satisfied; that's what worries me. It's like the calm before a storm, Sally.

If anything should happen to Doctor Gordon, where would we be? Of course Larry couldn't do this sort of work for anybody else; and yet—"

"Can you spare me a few moments, Madam Rose?"

It was Doctor Gordon, walking in without the ceremony of a knock; and as Rose turned with a smile his own face lighted. He always called her "Madam Rose." The rest of us were "Larry, Ned, and Sally" to him; but for Rose he had a special, deferential manner, and it was "Madam Rose" he called her, save on those rare occasions when he said "daughter." Somehow I thought that morning that he wished to talk with her alone, and would have left the room had not Rose stopped me.

"Don't go. We have no secrets from Sally, have we, Doctor Gordon?"

He assented with a smile, and a gesture that bade me be seated; then, with no beating about the bush, he began abruptly: "Have you noticed, Madam Rose, that Larry is not quite happy?"

His question gave me an eerie feeling, coming on top of my conversation with Rose. I remembered her words, "the calm before a storm," and it seemed to me that my heart pounded.

"So you've seen it, too?" I heard her answer.

The doctor nodded. "Has he said anything to you, my dear? Anything that tells you what it is that's troubling him?"

"Never a word. He doesn't realize that I see it. But I think, Doctor Gordon, that he's worrying about the future."

"And that's a hopeful sign," returned the doctor, smiling.

Rose smiled back; but there was a tremble in her voice as she responded: "Of course; and yet I've just told Sally that I'm troubled. Perhaps I've been too happy these last five years, Doctor. I suppose I should have known it wouldn't last."

"But, my dear, it's going to last! You'll be happier than ever. Are you aware that your

husband has in him the making of a very fine physician?"

"Larry! A doctor!" cried Rose, incredulous.

"Why not?" The old man's eyes were shining. "He has wonderful tact and charm, which go a long way in that profession. He's strong, yet gentle as a woman with anything that's hurt. And best of all, the work would interest him heart and soul.

"This is no new idea, you see. It came to me first one night when I was called off in the country and found a man with a badly fractured leg. There was no way to get him to a hospital. He needed help at once; and I tell you, Madam Rose, I needed help too! His wife, a poor hysterical creature, was worse than nothing, so I called on Larry. 'Roll up your sleeves,' I said, 'and scrub your hands as you never did before, and then do what I say.'

"He obeyed like a soldier, Madam Rose, and seemed to know instinctively just what to do. He's helped me many times since then; and he's been studying. The hours when he's waiting for me in the car he uses to good advantage. I can state honestly that at this very minute Larry knows more about anatomy than many a young fellow who's finished a year at medical school. You see, I've been educating him without his knowing it!"

Rose was leaning forward, drinking in eagerly every word the doctor uttered.

"Then what's your plan?" she questioned.

"My plan is this, if you agree," replied the doctor, "for I shan't put it up to Larry unless you do. But you see, I'm considering *my* happiness as well as yours. I love my work, Madam Rose, and I love those I work for. It would, you understand, mean a great deal to me to know that when I go I would leave them with someone who'd love and understand them as Larry would. So, my dear, I want to make a doctor of him, with your consent. But it will be a sacrifice on your part, daughter—a separation from Larry for the best part of five long years."

"Five years!" cried Rose, breathing a little rapidly. "Why, I'll be middle-aged! My hair will be grey!"

Doctor Gordon smiled.

"Madam Rose," he replied gallantly, "you will never be middle-aged. You have within

you the spirit of perennial youth. And it may not take five years, my dear. Prepared as he is, I think that Larry can get through medical school in three. But there should be a year of hospital work to follow, probably two. It's impossible to plan definitely until the time comes. Do you think you could stand it, Madam Rose?"

"I could if it were best for Larry," replied Rose bravely. "But it would take more than we have saved to keep me and the children all that time. I wonder—"

"My child," broke in the doctor reproachfully, "this house would be yours, of course; and Larry's wages would be paid you every month. Did you imagine that I'd take away your husband and his support as well?"

And at that, Rose threw him a glance which must have thanked him for every kindness he had done her.

"Well, do—whatever you think best, Daddy," she said.

But after all there was Larry to contend with. Leave Rose and the children for five years! Of what were they thinking? Yes, he would like to study medicine above all things, but not at such a price. Why, the kiddies would utterly forget him! And there was the best of reasons why he couldn't leave Rose now. Then when she protested, he cried hotly: "If you can spare me so easily, my dear, I'd rather not have known it"; and seeing how deeply he was hurt, she went closer, slipping a tender arm across his shoulders.

"Larry," she said, "you come upstairs where I can talk with you alone"; and they went away together, leaving me wondering why life holds so many problems.

They were gone a long, long time. When they came down the children had finished supper and were in their nighties; and I knew at once that however hard the sacrifice, they would make it for the sake of those little nightgowned figures. It was written in the mother light in Rose's eyes, and in the way that Larry lifted his baby daughter, holding her little cheek close to his own.

Only a week later I went home to Ned, wondering how Rose could live through those years to come. I know now that the first months were endless to her; and in March her second little son was born, with Larry so far away. But the

years did pass, as all years must, whether they bring us happiness or sorrow. Larry, absorbed for the first time in work that he really loved, never failed to get off a daily letter. And in return Rose sent him such letters as only she can write, bringing to him as far as she was able, every detail of life in the home he had left behind.

Larry exceeded even Doctor Gordon's hopes of him. Three years after entering medical school he graduated with honors, and immediately went into a hospital as interne. That was the hardest time for Rose; and only three months before he was expected home for good, she wrote, begging that I come to her for a visit. There was a pleading tone to her letter that didn't sound like Rose. Ned read it, a troubled frown gathering between his eyes.

"You pack up the kids," he said, exactly as if they could be laid in a trunk and checked, "and go to her, Sally. I guess she needs you."

So I went to Rose. I shall never forget how the first sight of her affected me—not the fact that she had grown thin, but something seemed lost from her eyes, a sort of inner radiance that had always dwelt there. She was pathetically glad to see me; but to my eager questions about Larry, replied only that he was doing splendid work, and then turned the conversation into other channels.

It was long before I slept that night. For Rose not to talk of Larry was so unnatural that I knew at once that, somehow, her trouble concerned him. It seemed incredible. Larry, the most adoring of husbands! What had he done to quench that inner fire in Rose's eyes? By noon of the next day I was no wiser, and seeing Doctor Gordon drive into the garage, I joined him there.

"What is the matter with Rose?" I demanded abruptly.

"I wish I knew, my dear," he answered gravely. "It's been going on for weeks, this change in Rose. And she will not talk. Sweet and frank as she is, she can build a wall between herself and one who tries to question."

"I know. The wall was there last night when I asked her about Larry. It's Larry, Doctor Gordon."

"Don't say that!" cried the doctor, wincing,

"I love that boy as my own son; but if he's hurt our little Rose—"

He left the sentence unfinished; and not until next morning did I get behind the wall that Rose had built between us.

Doctor Gordon had taken the children for a ride; and in the sudden quiet following their departure Rose sank down on one end of the big davenport, rather wearily. Her eyes closed for a moment, and shocked afresh by the shadows beneath them I cried impulsively: "Rose darling, don't hold me off as if I were a stranger. Tell me your trouble."

And at my words the wall crumbled away, and she clung to me, crying: "It's Larry! Something has happened to Larry!"

This was her story: For some months Larry had written only occasionally. Sometimes she would receive two letters in a week, more often only one. It was ten days now since she had heard at all. The letters were as affectionate as ever; but they puzzled her, speaking of happenings in the hospital that she had never heard off; and not once had he mentioned the picture of the children she had sent for his birthday.

"Something has taken him from me, Sally," she cried, slipping to the floor and burying her face in my lap.

"You mean—a woman?" I questioned, voicing the terrible thought that was taking place in my mind.

She shook her head, looking straight at me, her eyes dark with misery.

"It's not a woman—though at first I thought—well, that doesn't matter; but I don't think he knows that he forgets to write, Sally. I think he's taking some sort of drug. He may have started it as an experiment. Perhaps doctors do strange things like that. And it was I who sent him away," she finished brokenly. "He wanted to stay with me, and I sent him away!"

The wall had crumbled indeed. Her head went down upon my knees, while her shoulders shook with racking sobs. My own tears were threatening too—I felt so powerless to comfort her; and then, lifting my eyes I saw what seemed a miracle:

Larry was standing in the doorway!

For one moment I think my heart stood still. He was, apparently, the same Larry I had al-

ways known—well-groomed, immaculate; yet his eyes looked different, haggard, as eyes will look when one is in cruel need of sleep. They seemed, those eyes, to flash a question at me; and then he was beside her, his arms about her.

"My precious Rose!"

He lifted her gently, and sat down upon the davenport. It was quite evident that for a minute he could not speak. I think the sight of her changed face had shocked him even more than it had me; but he held her close, stroking her bright hair softly, and not until I started up to leave them did he find his voice.

"Don't go, Sally. Rose must have told you something, so you must hear the rest. What have you thought of me, my darling?" he cried suddenly, holding Rose off and looking into her eyes. "The things you've thought have been tormenting me. I didn't sleep all night. You've suffered frightfully; and all the time I've been so crazy for a sight of you."

"Tell us about it, Larry," she broke in breathlessly. "Don't keep me waiting."

"It's a queer story, Rose," he answered. "Even now I can't exactly grasp it; but it began, I suppose, six months or more ago on a day when we were operating. One of the assisting nurses (her name is Winslow) did something very stupid. I might have reported her to the superintendent; but because the girl was young and trying very hard to please, I spoke to her later and explained the situation. She thanked me gratefully, of course; and the matter would have slipped my mind entirely except for what came later.

"Whether the girl thought I had singled her out for special attention, I do not know; but after that day she seemed to be always under my feet—annoyingly so. After a few weeks she began to send me letters, signed by the initial of her first name. I knew who sent them by comparing the writing with a record she was keeping in the ward. They were silly letters, Rose. She called me 'Sir Launcelot' and stuff like that! They made me rather nauseated, but I didn't speak of them because I thought each one would be the last. I burned them at once; and some I didn't even read.

"This went on for a long time, you understand. Then, night before last she was on duty

in a private room and gave her patient the wrong medicine. When she realized her error she was frightened and horrified, of course, and sent a hurry call for me. There was no more sleep for us that night; and though everything came out all right the poor girl was a wreck when we had finished, and I told her to go to bed and stay there for the day. I supposed she had done so; but when I went to my room just before supper time I found one of her notes lying upon my bed beside a box.

"Do you know—the sight made me almost sick. I was dog-tired—upset over the whole business, and my inclination was to tear it up unread; but something seemed to stop me and I opened it.

"It wasn't like the other letters, Rose. It said that she was going away, would be gone when I read this—that she couldn't endure the disgrace of being suspended or expelled, and that she should never have trained as a nurse in any case because she never could remember orders and was notoriously careless. The box, she said, contained something belonging to my wife. She knew she had been silly, but hoped she hadn't made me any trouble. That was all. For a moment I was just relieved that the poor thing had got away; and then—"

Larry paused a moment as if the words were choking him; then said: "Do you know—can you imagine what was in that box? Letters—my letters to you, Rose! She had taken them from the mail box in the office!"

"Oh, no!" cried Rose protestingly. "How could she?"

"She did," said Larry, his mouth grim. "Can't you feel a little of what I felt as I stood there looking at them? Every thought you must have had of me went through my brain. My one idea was to get home—to you. I picked up that box and went straight to the superintendent's office. She was talking with Doctor Barrie, our senior surgeon, and I laid down the box, handed them Miss Winslow's note, and blurted out my story. I think that then I sat down rather suddenly because I felt so limp. Anyhow, Miss Carter brought me a glass of water and patted me on the back as if I were a kid! Sort of far off I heard her saying: 'Of course, Doctor Barrie, Doctor Kent must go home for a

"Behold, God is my Helper, even Jehovah is the Upholder of my soul: Oh, ward off evils unto mine enemies, and in Thy truthfulness rout them utterly, O Lord, my Protector. Save

NOONDAY

Placidus M., O. S.



AT the close of day Holy Mother Church lights her evening lamps on the altar and assembles her religious and priestly children about her for the office of Complin, her official night prayer, in the same sacred spot where they began the day—before the tabernacle. In divine psalmody she thanks the heavenly Father for all graces received, implores pardon for the faults committed, and looks forward with trust into the night, symbolic of the forces of darkness and evil, ever lurking for the unwary soul that may be loitering along the highway of life. To obtain help against these unseen foes, as also to show her restful trust in the protecting wing of the Almighty, she chants one of the most beautiful and devout hymns of the Psalter, the 90th Psalm. "He that dwells in the hiding place of the Most High, shall lodge in the shadow of the Almighty." Protected by His shielding Arm he will be safe from the insidious as well as open attacks of his foes. "He shall not be afraid of the terror of the night, or of the arrow that flieth in the day, and from the destruction that will waste at noon," or, as we read in the text of the Vulgate, "of invasion, or of the noonday devil."

Though Satan is the Prince of Darkness, he does not confine his deadly work to the secrecy of the night. Holy Mother Church reminds us of this fact when she prays in to-day's entrance versicle: "Ward off evil unto mine enemies, and in thy truthfulness (fidelity to Thy promises) rout them utterly." From the pages of Holy Scripture we gather that the devil is a living principle of evil, crafty, intelligent, resourceful, the spirit of wickedness in high places, the prince of the power of the air, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, a person, in fine, with whom every follower of our Lord will have to deal. Before the Incarnation he seems to have enjoyed a certain range of dominion over the physical world, to have shared the desert and waste places with the wild beasts, and

me, O God, for Thy Name's sake, and in Thy power set me free."—Introit or Entrance Versicle of the Mass for the Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

DAY DEVILS

idus M, O. S. B.

to have been allowed even to work his will over men's bodies by means of his satellites, whose name and number were legion. The visible sign that our Lord gave that His kingdom was come upon earth consisted chiefly in the check His mere word laid upon his secret, physical influence. The meaning of this fact was vividly understood by the early Christians, as was also the more bewildering truth that, until the last day, when death and hell shall be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death, Satan will be permitted to deceive the nations, and to go up and down the breadth of the earth, and to compass the camp of the saints about, and even to engirdle the beloved city.

Satan is often given more than is his due. The blame for causing temptations, so often ascribed to him, should in many cases be laid upon our own perverse nature, our unchecked appetites and unbridled passions. Still the devil is ever active. "Consider," says St. Ignatius, "how he summons a parliament of innumerable demons, and how he scatters them, some into one city, others into another, and so on through the entire world, neglecting neither province, nor place, nor condition of men, no, not even the most insignificant persons, however private and withdrawn." These emissaries of the Evil One are to work ruin chiefly by employing the good things of this world to deceive, the things that strike the eye and make men's persons pleasant to behold, riches, honors, and the pride of life. But, for every secret agent of Lucifer, there is another who pleads for Christ. There are the Angels who are His servants and messengers. There is, above all, He Himself, their mighty Conqueror. There is His Flag of Victory, the Cross, reared in Holy Mass on innumerable altars in unending succession around the world, the standard that invites to noble conflict, the sign that impels to courageous resistance, the star of hope that never sets, the sword of sure defeat ever unsheathed for all of Christ's soldiers. Shall we still in cowardly faint-heartedness surrender without a struggle to the dastardly overtures of the noonday devil?

couple of days to explain this situation to Mrs. Kent.'

"And then, Rose, in spite of the tense atmosphere, we had to laugh, for the doctor, whose wife leads him a straight and narrow path, replied: 'Unless Mrs. Kent is a very remarkable woman it will take more than a couple of days to explain things. Better stay a week, Doctor; and don't forget to take along the documents in evidence!'

"So here I am, my dear; and if Sally will open my suitcase and present you with those letters, I think your doubts of me will fly away."

He kissed her; and Rose said soberly: "I never doubted you, Larry—that is, for not more than a day or two!" she added honestly. "I thought you'd contracted some awful drug habit. It almost killed me."

"The only habit that I've contracted," he answered, laughing, "is an absorbing devotion to my wife. It will take more than a rattle-headed girl to pry me loose from her. Poor thing!" he went on, suddenly serious. "I think she wasn't quite in her right mind. It wasn't natural, a girl as young as that falling for an old married man like me!"

He looked so young and handsome that we laughed; and Rose said gently: "You don't look so very old or married, Larry. This is a terribly becoming suit. It must be your best."

"It is," he grinned. "A man usually wears his best when he goes to see his girl, doesn't he?" And then he added in a voice of sheer amazement: "By thunder! Rose, where are the children? I'd forgotten all about them!"

And I said: "Rose, my dear, what higher tribute could he pay you?"

* * * * *

The white cottage is larger now, and there's another Rose, a small and exquisite replica of her mother. Doctor Gordon and Larry are working side by side, and the inner lamp is lighted again in Rose's eyes.

We stood together, Rose and I, not long ago, watching the two doctors ride away together, with Larry at the wheel as in the old days; and something brought to my mind the memory of another morning when, as now, we had stood at that same window.

"Rose," said I, "what do you think it is that

governs the course of our lives—fate, or luck, or some divine guidance that we don't understand?"

And Rose turned to me, while I saw that she didn't know that I was quoting her own words.

"I used to think about that, Sally," she answered dreamily. "I used to wonder; but now—I can't say why—but I seem to know that it's something bigger than luck."

A Bit of Heaven in the Irish Free State

(Continued from page 163)

a tall, stately, gracious lady, she lifted hand and blessed us. "Praised be Jesus and Mary."

They were gone, and I went out into the bright sunshine, softly whispering the hymn from the Vespers of St. Colette:

Rise up, sweet Dove, from this foul earth,
And on swift wing to Heaven take flight;
To where thy Jesus calleth thee
In the bright realms and starry light.

Clad in a white and dazzling robe,
Wearing a crown of lilies fair,
Thou, ever following the Lamb,
Wilt in the song of virgins share.

Then catching sight of my friend, the toiler from the city, we smiled and grasped hands as we walked together into the beautiful little chapel and as with the kneeling congregation I received the priest's benediction; it was borne in upon me that St. Damian's was indeed and in truth "a bit of Heaven" in the Irish Free State.

Kind

SR. AGNES FINLEY

The virtue we call *Kind*
Tinkles with reverent tone:
Kind—like a mother's heart—
Kind—like a true friend flown—
Or the sound of a step in mind,
Whose every echo repeats:
Kind!

See how the word drops honey,
See how it eases pain;
Doesn't it teach a lesson,
The Savior's, over again?
If unkind men would learn it,
If you and I would, too,
I think this earth of ours would be
A Paradise!—Don't you?

Our Popes: Men not Angels

FLORENCE GILMORE

THE reverence which Catholics have for each successive pope tends to obscure the fact that he is not only the Vicar of Christ and unquestionably the most august figure in the world; but a man, as well, with personal qualifications and peculiarities and predilections. They do not vividly realize that he has relatives whom he cherishes and friends whom he loves; that he is probably keenly interested in social conditions, or in the education of youth, the foreign missions, or the promotion of peace. He may be a musician; or, perhaps, is a connoisseur of art. He may be an adept at sports; he may know nothing about them. One thing only is certain: he is unlike his predecessor, and his successor will be another manner of man, except in the one, all-important matter of each living only to serve Christ, his King. Men, more individual than the four Sovereign Pontiffs whom most of us have known, it would be difficult to find. Learned, all of them have been; most exemplary in their lives: there all resemblance ceases. Each proved himself to be the man needed by the Church in the very different conditions under which he reigned. The Holy Ghost does not select at random the successors of St. Peter.

Cardinal Pecci was sixty-eight years of age when he became Pope Leo XIII, but he reigned for twenty-five years, during which the Church, which had seemed to the world about to crumble during the troubled pontificate of Pope Pius IX, become visibly stronger than ever before, more deeply loved, and more widely respected.

Certain facts regarding Leo XIII everyone knows: that he came of an old family of good position; that physically he was small and never robust, with an ivory-white face lighted by keen but kindly eyes; that he was enthusiastically acclaimed whenever he officiated in St. Peter's; that his encyclicals, notably the one on the condition of the working classes, stirred the conscience of the world, and won, not only the enthusiastic assent of Catholic economists, but also the reluctant approval of men inimical

to the Church. But of the man himself, how much more is widely known?

He was witty, almost as much so as Pope Pius IX; and he was tender-hearted. He was devoted to his relatives, and became deeply attached to those who worked with him in the administration of the Church. One privileged to take to him her tale of sorrow when he sat upon the august Throne of Peter, told afterwards that he was as tender as a father in his sympathy. By nature and training, dignified and a lover of ceremoniousness, he approved of, and adhered to, every tradition of pomp and circumstance which the Vatican has inherited from ages when it was deemed fitting, for instance, to surround the Holy Father with armed soldiers and to herald his approach with silver trumpets. Even among the subordinates whom he saw daily and to whom he was strongly attached, no point of the customary elaborate etiquette was ever relaxed.

A very human trait recorded of Pope Leo XIII was that long before he became Sovereign Pontiff he was in a carriage when the horses ran away, causing an accident which might easily have cost his life, and ever afterward he mistrusted and was afraid of horses. Before the day of automobiles they were a necessity in the Vatican gardens, but only the most meek and weary of their kind were tolerated there while he reigned.

But he strongly approved of sports, and in his younger days had been an expert swimmer and an excellent walker. He enjoyed hunting. As pope he had a decoy built on the highest point in the Vatican grounds, and sometimes amused himself by catching birds with snare or net—only to set them free.

For twenty-five years, of necessity, Leo XIII never went outside the Vatican and its grounds, and he learned to love the gardens very much, especially as he lingered on into great old age. No pope ever took deeper interest than did he in the flowers, the shrubbery, and the vines. The blossoms were a joy to him, the grapes a

triumph. Wine was made from the grapes—very poor wine, it was whispered.

When he died, in July, 1903, it seemed as if not one could fill the vacancy. He had reigned as long as most men could remember; they could not imagine another worthily in his place.

Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, unknown to the world at large, was elected pope two weeks later, and chose the name, Pius X. It was indeed a case of "The King is dead! Long live the King!" for soon the heart of Christendom was his, as it had never been his predecessor's, and may never belong, in like measure, to any of his successors.

A man so holy that there seems to be but little doubt he will be canonized, he was also singularly magnetical, learned, an authority on Gregorian music second to none in the Church, and of wide experience as parish priest, bishop, and archbishop. From boyhood he had displayed keen intelligence; and he had, as one of his friends expressed it, "the biggest heart in all the world." The son of a poor peasant, he had the manner and quiet dignity of a nobleman; but with it the utmost simplicity of taste and a dislike for all ceremoniousness in regard to his person.

Pope Pius X was the most sociable of men, and during his public audiences he delighted to chat for a few moment with one or another of the visitors. It is related that on one occasion he tried to enter into conversation with an American who speaks—or is reputed to speak—Italian; but neither could understand one word spoken by the other. With his usual tact Pope Pius relieved the awkwardness of the situation by saying, with his kindly smile, "It does not matter whether we talk English, Italian, or Venetian, for the only real language is the language of the heart."

He was always dignified, but conventions which he thought outworn meant nothing to him, and he was never afraid either to say so, or to disregard them. For some hundreds of years it had been customary for the Holy Father to eat all his meals alone; but the day after he was elected Pope Pius X directed that a place at his table be set for the secretary who had come with him from Venice. It was respectfully explained to him that such a thing

would be against all precedent; but the Holy Father persisted.

"Are you certain that St. Peter took his meals alone?" he asked.

"I don't know, Holy Father, but it is certain that the illustrious predecessor of Your Holiness, and all the Popes before him did," was the reply of the master of ceremonies.

"Even in the days of Julius II and Leo X?" Pius X persisted, knowing well that in their time Papal banquets had been gala occasions.

"No, Holy Father," the man admitted.

"With whom did this famous tradition begin?" Pius X asked.

"With Pope Urban VIII, Holy Father."

"Very Well"; and the Pope smiled delightfully. "Very well, our illustrious predecessor decreed that the Sovereign Pontiff should take his meals alone; and he had the right to do so. In virtue of the same right we decree the contrary; and it is our pleasure that a plate be laid for Monseigneur Bressan beside our own."

Nor did he rest content with the company of his secretary. From time to time a cardinal or an archbishop with whom he wished to talk, a bishop whom he had just consecrated, or a missionary with tales of momentous interest to tell was invited to share his meal. Sometimes he asked a lay friend. And every Sunday evening his old sisters, who had kept house for him at Mantua and Venice, were his guests at supper.

"Jesus Christ," he said more than once, "always ate with His disciples, and even with the Pharisees. And to judge from the Gospels what a delightful conversationalist He was! Why should we be prouder than He?"

Even in such simple, everyday matters was Christ His model.

The gardens of the Vatican interested Pius X less than they had Leo XIII, and he made no effort further to beautify them. To him they were the only place available for a walk—little more than that. Of sports he had only slight first-hand knowledge. A poor boy, and afterwards an overworked parish priest, he had never had the opportunity to hunt, swim, or ride; but he had always walked long distances, loved to do it, and was indefatigable. As Patriarch of Venice, at the age of sixty-six, he had climbed Mt. Grappa, six thousand feet in

height, to bless a little shrine upon its summit; and after the ceremony had walked down the mountain, all without feeling the least fatigue. As pope he did not leave his apartment in a sedan chair and preceded by Swiss guards, as Leo XIII had always done, but would slip into the gardens alone and unobserved, plunge into the woods, and walk swiftly in the most secluded paths where there was slight danger of his meeting sight-seers. Sometimes his attendants pursued him, and he evaded them as long as he could, laughing uncontrollably all the while. It is said on good authority that even while he lived Pope Pius X worked miracles; however that may be, certain it is that he enjoyed jokes, made them himself, and not only delighted in company but was lonely without it.

He died when the world seemed to need him more than ever before—in the fateful August of 1914; and at once there was elected as pope, Cardinal Della Chiesa, who will be known to history as Benedict XV. Catholics never either knew or loved him as well as his predecessors, or as they are learning to know and love Pope Pius XI. That he was rather reserved and distant and somewhat lacking in magnetism explains this in part; but it must be remembered, too, how during the War the mind of the world was crowded with politics and almost daily news of tremendous import, its ears deafened by the tumult of battle and the crash of dynasties. Besides, passions and prejudices were at white heat; and he lived in the centre of the vortex. There were those among the Germans and Austrians who thought him pro-Ally; those in the other camp who accused him of being pro-German. When the smoke of battle lifted a little, it began to be plain that he had been, not only absolutely impartial, but wise, far-sighted and fatherly: and then, just then, he died.

By birth an aristocrat, by training a student and diplomatist, he lacked the simplicity and the warm tenderness of manner which Pius X showed on every occasion. During his pontificate much of the ceremoniousness of Pope Leo's régime was revived in the daily life of the Vatican, and in public and private audiences. Pilgrims probably did not realize that their visits were of intense interest to the apparently detached little pope; that he delighted to study group after group. Often he entered into con-

versation with one and another, even at a large audience—a thing which his fluent command of several languages made easy to him.

Small of stature and always thin, Pope Benedict had never known sickness. It seemed as if he would reign for years, when a sudden attack of illness carried him away, at the age of sixty-eight, in January, 1922. The messages of condolence received at the Vatican revealed many kindnesses which had been known only to some of those closest to him. They came, not alone from the great powers, but from the very smallest ones, and even from pagans and Mohammedans. Sometime before his death a magnificent bronze statue of him had been erected in Constantinople, the cost of which had been borne entirely by Turks, schismatics, and Jews. It was their thank offering for his charity to their people.

Cardinal Ratti, elected to succeed Benedict XV, was already widely known to students as one of the world's finest scholars, and among diplomatists as the man who had successfully carried through a very difficult mission in post-war Poland. The world at large has been a little slow to grow in knowledge of him; but little by little his unfailing kindness, his manliness, and his sanctity are winning the hearts of all, while his wide knowledge of men and of world conditions and the wisdom of his suggestions for their betterment are the admiration of high-minded men in every land.

In the simplicity of his tastes and in friendliness toward all, he resembles Pope Pius X whom he deeply venerates. He not only prolongs private audiences long past the times set for his meals, but for some hours every evening, after the long day's work is finished, he chats freely with the young priests, monsignori, and others who are members of his household, about the news of the day, books new and old, or questions which are vexing scientists. Nothing of importance happens in any quarter of the world that he does not learn of it.

About ten o'clock all leave him for the night; the Holy Father goes to his private apartments and—free to do as he pleases for the only part of any twenty-four hours—he reads and studies until long after midnight.

A profound student Pope Pius has always been. At the age of twenty-two he received his

doctorate from the Academia di San Tommaso in Rome. He had shown himself so brilliant that Pope Leo XIII expressed a desire to see him: an honor which overwhelmed the young ecclesiastic. Shortly afterward he was appointed professor of dogmatic theology in the seminary at Milan, and retained that position until, when he was thirty-one years old, he was named one of the directors of the world-famous library of Milan. For twenty years he labored there, and was then made vice prefect of the Vatican library with the right of succession.

Of the Holy Father's fame as an Alpine climber all are aware. Even now, in his old age, he enjoys vigorous exercise, and walks swiftly for at least an hour every afternoon, stopping only to pray for a few minutes before the statue of our Blessed Mother in the Lourdes grotto. When it rains he takes his walk, in windy weather, in the cold. Nothing deters him. The doctors urged him to remain indoors

when the weather is very inclement. This he refused to do, but he consented to the construction of a covered gallery along the wall of the gardens, so henceforth neither he nor any succeeding pope need to get drenched, however heavy the downpour. Before it was built he was often obliged to change all his clothing on returning to his apartments.

Men, not angels; and such men! Learned, kindly, capable, magnetic, and above all so holy that each in turn is a model to the flock entrusted to his care. Not angels, but keen men, alert about the affairs of this world as well as of the next. As Cardinal Newman once said, the Sovereign Pontiff "is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past."

Stripped of earthly power Leo and Pius and Benedict were more widely honored, more deeply revered than their predecessors; a king once more, by the ruling of God's Providence, long may Pope Pius reign!

Newly Beatified Martyrs of Benedictine Order

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

THE BLESSED ALBAN ROE

(January 21st, 1642)

THE late saintly Redemptorist Father Bridget tells us that in his student days at Cambridge he, with some other Protestant youths, visited the little Catholic Church in a back lane of the university town. When they came out Bridget said to the caretaker, an old Catholic Irishman: "Do you think, Pat, that you people in this poor chapel are right, and that all the learned Dons of the university are wrong?" To which the old man replied: "But you know, sir, that the learned men do not agree, but we Catholics all do?" This answer set the young man thinking seriously about the Catholic religion, and it was the first grace which led him into the Church.

Something similar happened to a young law student of Cambridge 400 years earlier in the gaoi of Saint Albans, viz., to Bartholomew Roe, the member of a wealthy Protestant family in Suffolk. Born in 1583 he was at home prepared for the university, and then went to Cambridge.

He was not only a diligent student, but also a zealous adherent of the new religion. He heard one day that a Catholic recusant of the town, named David, was imprisoned at Saint Albans for refusing to attend the Protestant service. Young Bartholomew was sorry for the benighted Papist, and was determined to convert him from his error. But he did not find the task as easy as he had thought; for the man was well instructed and was well able to hold his own in the dispute with the conceited but honest young university man. The latter felt himself pushed in a corner, and he began seriously to doubt about Protestantism.

For some time he felt very uneasy, and in order to right himself, he began to read Catholic books and conferred with Catholic priests. This led to his conversion; and after having found the great treasure he became more zealous in his desire to impart it to others than he had been in defending the Protestant error. From this motive he went abroad in order to prepare himself for the priesthood, and then to return as a missionary. For a time he lodged

in the English College at Douay; but afterwards he went to Dieulwart in Lorraine in order to become a member of the Benedictine community, which was then established in that town (and still flourishes at Ampleforth in Yorkshire). He took his holy vows in 1612, and after some more studies, and his ordination, he was in 1615 sent on the English mission. With his zeal and knowledge he succeeded not only in encouraging the oppressed Catholics, but also to lead many Protestants back to the true Church, and in his love for souls he was heedless about personal dangers. No wonder that after some time he was apprehended and imprisoned in London; and as at that time there was no great desire for the execution of priests, he was for five years detained in a loathsome prison, until in 1623, at the intercession of the Spanish ambassador, he was banished. He only stayed a few months with his brethren in Douay, and then again returned to England. After laboring there again for two years he was seized and imprisoned at Saint Albans in the very gaol where he had formerly received the first salutary impressions of the true religion. His confinement here was very strict and his diet so scanty that he was afraid he would perish, like many others, by starvation. After about two months he was, through the efforts of some friends, transferred to London, where he was better cared for. During his seventeen years' imprisonment he exercised his pastoral office for the benefit of the prisoners and his visitors; and during the later part of the time he went out on parole, exercising the very functions for which he was imprisoned. He suffered much from bad health; but he was always patient and courageous, and showed a

kind of grim humor even in his pains. Being a great lover of mental prayer, he also instructed and encouraged others in the practice of it, and for that purpose wrote several treatises on the subject.

At the beginning of the long persecuting parliament he predicted that it was time to prepare for the conflict. Shortly after, he was tried and convicted on the testimony of a fallen Catholic. He heard the sentence for treason with a serene and cheerful countenance, and thanked his

judges for it as for a great favor. At the same time he declared the law, which made priestly functions high treason, to be a wicked one and offered to dispute the point with anyone present in the court. This of course was refused to the old law student.

During the days intervening between his condemnation and execution his soul was full of joy at the prospect of his approaching happiness. To a number of Catholics, who visited him in the prison, he said of himself and a fellow martyr: "When you see our arms stretched out stiff, and nailed up to the gates of the city, imagine that we are giving you the same blessing

which we give you now; and when you look at our heads fixed over the bridge, think that they are there to preach to you, and announce to you this very same faith for which we are about to die."

On January 21st, 1642, he went down to the execution with edifying composure and modest cheerfulness, saluting the sheriff and the spectators with great civility. His companion in martyrdom, the priest Thomas Reynolds, was already fastened to the hurdle. He went and felt his pulse, asking him how he felt; to which Father Reynolds answered: "In very good



BLESSED BARTHOLOMEW ALBAN ROE

heart, blessed be God for it, and glad I am to have for companion in death a person of your undaunted courage." On their arrival at Tyburn the two martyrs gave each other absolution and kissed the ropes as the stoles, in which to offer their last sacrifice to God's honor. During Father Reynold's speech to the people Father Alban prepared for death a criminal, whom in prison he had reconciled to the Church. After that he asked the sheriff: "Pray, sir, if I go to Church and conform to your religion, will you secure my life?" The sheriff replied:

"Upon my word, that I will." Upon this the martyr turned to the people and said: "See, then, what the crime is I am to die for, and whether my religion is not my only treason." When he was hanging on the gallows he moved his hands to and from his breast as if in prayer. His painful death brought blessings to his own relations, for his younger brother James became a Benedictine under the name of Dom Maurus, one sister became a nun, and some other members of the family also became Catholics. *(To be continued)*

The Portiuncula

S. M. A.

THROUGHOUT the world's history God seems to have chosen special places "that His Name may be there for ever, and His eyes and His heart may remain there perpetually."

No spot stands forth so prominently as an abiding place of God's glory as the Portiuncula, the beloved home of the Saint of Assisi, and the cradle of the brotherhood.

"God chooses the little things of this world to confound the strong." The "Little Portion," the Portiuncula, is a name whose fame will last to the end of ages, not only in the Catholic Church, but among the millions of the social world who admire and applaud St. Francis and his work for society.

The story of this home of the apostle of poverty has all the charm and simplicity associated with the Saint himself.

It was a little wayside sanctuary, very small, not more than 22 feet long and 13 wide, much in need of repair and deserted except for the visit, now and then, of a passing hermit.

Francis loved the tiny chapel in its quiet valley, at the foot of the town of Assisi. It spoke to him of Our Lord, whose name it bore; it materialized his ideal, afterwards his spouse, his Lady Poverty. For three years he frequented it, spending many hours in communion with his Master and awaiting the Divine call which eventually was to reach him there.

The chapel is a very ancient one dating back to the fourth century. The story says that four

pilgrims set out from Jerusalem to visit Rome. After paying homage to the Pope, they made their way to Umbria, where they sought a spot suitable for the erection of a hermitage. The wooded country around Assisi appealed to them, and they decided to build their chapel and their cells among the trees. They called the chapel St. Mary of Jehosophat, in memory of their own country, and they lived there in solitude, praising God. Often in the little sanctuary voices of angels were heard uniting their praises with those of the saintly hermits.

After a time the pilgrims returned to their native land and the chapel was abandoned except by the heavenly choirs. In their honor it came to be known as St. Mary of the Angels.

St. Benedict, in the sixth century, passing through Umbria, visited the chapel, and so great was its charm for the Father of Monks that he had it restored and sent there some of the monks from Monte Cassino. He was given a small plot of ground around the chapel, and from this he named it St. Mary of the "Little Portion," or "Portiuncula."

When St. Francis discovered the Portiuncula it was again a deserted ruin. The Benedictines, to whom it still belonged, had removed to their recently acquired monastery of Monte Subasio. They willingly gave the sanctuary to St. Francis, who was now seeking a shelter for his steadily increasing brotherhood. The only condition made by the abbot was that the Portiunc-

cula was always to be considered the chief house of the order, if Francis should found other houses in the future. To this the Saint made no objection, but in his great love for his Lady Poverty, instead of accepting the chapel as a gift made in perpetuity, he imposed on his brethren the payment of a rent. This consisted of a basket of fish offered to the Abbot of Monte Subasio every year. The fish were caught in the neighbouring stream and faithfully presented to the monastery until its destruction.

On taking possession of the Portiuncula, the brethren repaired the chapel and built for themselves little huts of the branches of trees. Their poverty would not allow them to build a more permanent dwelling. They had nothing of their own, nor did they lay claim to any home in its real sense, but were very ready to go at a moment's notice whither God might call them.

One day while the Holy Sacrifice was being offered in the chapel by a pilgrim priest, Francis heard the Divine call. It was the Feast of St. Matthias, February 24th. In the Gospel of the Mass the priest read out the words: "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purse, nor scrip for your journey, not two coats, nor shoes nor a staff." Fired with zeal at these words, Francis exclaimed: "Ah! that is what I have long been seeking; that is what I have longed for in my prayer"; and going out of the chapel he threw away his purse, his shoes and his stick, and put on the poorest dress of the peasants of the Apennines, a "beast" colored tunic with a rope for a girdle.

He was filled with holy joy now that God's call was made clear to him. Here in the Portiuncula was his union with Poverty consummated, and from that union was to spring the Order of the Friars Minor.

From the "Little Portion"—the gift of the Benedictines, and now the birthplace of the brotherhood—St. Francis went forth on his mission as an apostle. He and his brethren were destined to scatter throughout the world the seeds of sanctity, cloistered through many centuries in the monastic homes of the Sons of St. Benedict. It was fitting that the brethren, cradled in the old home of the Benedictines, should draw inspiration from the watchword of that ancient order and preach through the world the motto of "Peace." Every dis-

course of the Seraph of Assisi began and ended with the phrase "The peace of the Lord be with you."

Time was passing and the Friars Minor, as in his humility Francis called his brethren, were no longer a "little flock," but had spread to many lands and carried with them the fame of Francis and the Portiuncula. The "Little Portion" was now about to attain a celebrity, which only the supernatural could confer.

One night, while watching in prayer in his humble cell, the Saint's heart was filled with pity for the souls of sinners. He begged of God to have mercy on them, and in his solicitude for their salvation he shed bitter tears. As in the Garden long ago an Angel had brought comfort to his Divine Master, so now God sent His Messenger to Francis, telling him to go to the church, where he would find Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and a troop of angelic spirits. Prostrating before the altar the Saint heard Our Divine Lord addressing him thus: "You and your brethren have done much for the salvation of souls; you may ask what you will for their good and the glory of My name." "Most Holy Lord," replied the Saint, "I am but a sinner, but since Thou allowest it, I beseech Thee to grant to all who visit this church a plenary indulgence after confession of their sins to a priest. And I pray Thy Blessed Mother, the advocate of the human race, to solicit this grace for me." Then Our Lady bent towards her Son to ask this favour. Our Lord replied: "What you ask is a great thing, but you shall obtain still more. I grant you the indulgence you desire, but on condition that it is ratified by My Vicar, to whom I have given all power to bind and loose on earth." The vision disappeared, and the Saint, filled with holy joy, rose up and set out to fulfil the command of God.

Honorius III had just been made Pope and was then at Perugia. Here Francis sought him. The demand was an unusual one. Plenary indulgences were sparingly granted, and Honorius was known as a strict observer of rules. When the Saint appeared before him and presented his petition, saying: "Holy Father, some years ago I repaired a small church in your dominions; I beseech your Holiness to enrich it with an indulgence." The Pope reminded him how unusual it was for the Church

of Rome to grant such a favour. But Francis replied: "It is not I who make this request, it is Our Lord Himself Who sent me." He then related the vision. The Pope listened intently and then, while seemingly absorbed in prayer, repeated three times: "It is my will to grant what you desire." He put aside the objections made by the Cardinals, but yielded to their wish that the indulgence should be limited to one day. Happy at having gained this unprecedented favor for his loved Portiuncula, Francis hastened to return with the joyful tidings to his brethren. They united with him in praise of their Divine Master Who had thus blessed their efforts for souls by making their humble chapel a new means of salvation.

Now the great privilege must be made known to the faithful. The consecration of a Basilica or a Cathedral would be a fitting opportunity for proclaiming such a grace. But how could Francis obtain permission for the consecration of such a tiny church, insignificant exteriorly and without any claim to beauty?

The Saint made no further demand. He waited Our Lord's own time. Two years passed away. One night in winter he was praying in his cell; temptation came upon him. Weariness, cold, hunger, were endured with apparently little result. Why not take things more easily, whispered the demon. Francis continued his prayer, striving manfully against the power of the evil one. At length he arose, and, going to a wood close by, threw himself almost naked into a bush of long sharp thorns until his body streamed with blood. "It is better," he said, "to suffer with Jesus than to follow the counsels of the enemy."

A celestial light shone round him and showed the thorn bush covered with red and white roses. Angels' voices told him to go to the church, to Jesus and Mary, who awaited him there. He gathered twelve of the roses of each color and hastened to the Portiuncula. Prostrating before the heavenly vision he cried out: "Most Holy Father, Lord of heaven and earth, Saviour of mankind, condescend in your great mercy to fix the day for the Indulgence which you have granted me in this holy place." Our Saviour made known to him that the day would be from Vespers on August first—the feast of St. Peter's Chains—until sunset on the follow-

ing day. That this might be proclaimed to all the world Francis was to seek the Pope once more, and take with him three roses of each colour as a testimony of the heavenly vision. Honorius once more received the Saint and, recognizing the Divine authority of his mission, solemnly confirmed the Indulgence and appointed six Bishops to assist the Bishop of Assisi in the consecration of the Portiuncula. Francis was the preacher at the ceremony, and at the end of his inspired discourse he read out these words: "I wish you all to go to Paradise. I announce to you an Indulgence which I have received from God Himself, and which is confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

"All who are here to-day may obtain a Plenary Indulgence if their hearts are truly contrite. All who come on the same day in any year will receive the same grace if they have the same good dispositions."

At the end of the Saint's discourse each of the Bishops spoke in turn. They had agreed beforehand to limit the Indulgence to "ten years," but instead of pronouncing these words they felt themselves forced to say "in perpetuity." Such is the story of the Portiuncula Indulgence.

In the years that followed tens and hundreds of thousands availed themselves of the precious grace. Towns that were at strife with one another called a truce that they might not be prevented from gaining the indulgence. Pope Boniface VIII named special Nuncios to direct the pilgrimage and preach the Indulgence.

In later centuries the gaining of the Indulgence was not confined to Assisi; the privilege was conferred on every Franciscan church. During the Pontificate of Pius X for one special year the Indulgence might be gained at any church approved by the Bishop of the diocese, and this favour has now been renewed indefinitely by the decree of Rome.

In Catholic countries devotion to the Portiuncula has not diminished. Crowds still throng the churches on the Feast of Our Lady of the Angels, and hearts are filled with peace and light as they fulfil the conditions for obtaining this grace—the grace of an indulgence which Bourdaloue calls "the most authentic and valid in the Church, because it is an Indulgence granted by Jesus Christ Himself."

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—Charles Hanks, who was received in the Church shortly before his death at Cushing, Oklahoma, a few weeks ago, was a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln. Peter Hanks, his father, was a brother of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother. The latter, who died when her now illustrious son was a mere boy, was laid to rest many years ago on a wooded knoll only a few miles from the home of THE GRAIL.

—Hearty congratulations are due the *Catholic Daily Tribune* on the attainment of its tenth year, which it reached on June 1st. Mr. Nicholas Gonner, K. S. G., well known to the members of the Catholic Press Association, founder of the *Daily Tribune*, possessed undaunted courage in the venture that has proved a success. When Mr. Gonner passed to his reward several years ago, his brother, Mr. John P. Gonner, continued the enterprise. May continued success and prosperity attend the *Catholic Daily Tribune*.

—The canonization that took place on June 29th gave to the Church in North America her first canonized saints. These were Jesuit martyrs who were put to death by the hands of savage Huron and Iroquois Indians nearly three centuries ago. Saints Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, and John Lalande suffered martyrdom at Auriesville, N. Y., while Saints John de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier, and Noel Chabanel received the death blow in Canada. All were natives of France. Sept. 26 has been fixed as the feast day of the newly canonized.

—The Brothers of the Christian Schools, founded in 1860 by St. John de la Salle, celebrated the 250th anniversary of their foundation on June 4th. The Brothers, who number nearly 20,000 throughout the world, are divided into five provinces in the United States.

—The first Vicar Apostolic of the North Solomon Islands, Oceania, is the Rt. Rev. Thomas Wade, S. M., a native of Providence, R. I. Bishop Wade, who was born Aug. 4, 1893, and was ordained at Washington on June 15, 1922, has been in the mission field only eight years. The natives of these islands were formerly cannibals and devil worshipers. Out of a population that numbers approximately 60,000 the Catholics are about one in seven.

—Fides Service records an edifying account of the steadfastness of an eighteen-year-old Japanese girl convert at Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America. The father was opposed to his daughter's becoming a Christian. After she had been baptized he held her a prisoner every day until 2 p. m. so she could neither attend Mass nor receive Holy Communion. However, she managed to take instructions afternoons unknown to the father. On the day appointed for her first Communion she fasted until 2 p. m. and then received Holy Communion. Despite his opposition the blinded father has now received the light of Faith.

—The complaint is not rarely heard that certain devotees spend much time in prayer before statues and

shrines of favorite saints and entirely neglect the Prisoner of Love from Whom every blessing flows. By a recent rescript of the Holy See the faithful may gain an indulgence of 300 days, if, on entering the church, they go immediately to the altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved and there with contrite heart adore the Real Presence for a short time before performing any other act of devotion.

—The Sisters of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana, recently celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their foundation. During three quarters of a century this community, which grew from a small mustard seed that was planted in 1855 to a family of 1100 in 1930, has scattered blessings broadcast throughout the land from coast to coast. Renowned as nurses in the Civil War, the Sisters have kept up their reputation for the practice of works of mercy in numerous hospitals and other institutions. They are doing excellent work likewise in the education of children and young women in parochial schools, high schools, and colleges. May God continue to pour out His benediction on all the works that they undertake for His greater honor and glory.

Benedictine

—The Benedictine Fathers of Mt. Angel, Oregon, who lost everything in the destructive fire that laid waste their abbey and school several years ago, have begun the erection of a new seminary. The building, which will be constructed of reinforced concrete, three stories and a basement, with a frontage of 150 feet, will cost about \$60,000. This amount does not include plumbing or interior finish.

—The English Benedictine school for boys at Portsmouth, R. I., has received from Basil Harris, of Rye, N. Y., a convert to the Faith, the sum of \$100,000 for the erection of a permanent dormitory. Mr. Harris's great interest in the work is said to be the reason for this magnanimous gift.

—Fides Services brings word that the Benedictines are making continual progress among the natives in Korea. Recently fifty-two converts were baptized in the district of Abbatia in the Wonsan Vicariate. At Easter forty were baptized in Wonsan.

—Benedictine Sisters from Winnipeg have opened a hospital at Oakes, North Dakota.

—On June 13 ground was broken at Mundelein, Illinois, by His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, for a new chapel in which the Benedictine Sisters will keep perpetual adoration. This chapel will be the final wing in the unit of buildings that were begun in 1928. Up to the present the Sisters have been carrying on perpetual adoration in a small private chapel in the convent.

—This fall six Benedictine Sisters from St. Joseph, Minnesota, will go to Peking, China, to open a school for the higher education of Chinese women. A palace opposite to the Catholic University has been procured for this purpose.

—The Benedictine Nuns of Princethorpe Priory near Rugby, England, recently celebrated the 300th anniversary of their foundation at Montargis, France. On

the same occasion the Rev. Mother Prioress, Mother Maurus Corney, O. S. B., celebrated her golden jubilee.

—To aid the liturgical movement in China the Benedictines of the Catholic University of Peking are planning to publish the Roman Missal and the Breviary in the Chinese tongue. Translations of these liturgical works were made with the approbation of the Holy See as long ago as 1670 by Rev. Ludovico Buglio, S. J. These treasures will now be accessible to the Chinese laity.

—The Oblate Sisters of St. Benedict, under the title of the "Benedictine Sisters of the Eucharistic King," are seeking aid to establish a home at Baguio in the Philippine Islands. They will act as catechists and lay apostles in parishes where there are no priests, visit the homes of the poor, and perform other works of charity. In the chapel that will be connected with their convent they will keep perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed day and night. The estimated cost of this chapel is \$25,000. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is appealing for funds to assist them in their undertaking.

—Rev. John Katzner, O. S. B., widely known in the Northwest as missionary and horticulturist, died recently at St. John's Abbey in his eightieth year. Father John gave to the Northwest in the Alpha Grape and the Translinda Apple, which he originated, fruits that could withstand the rigors of a northern winter. Father John was once Vice President of the Minneapolis Horticultural Society.

—The Catholic University of Peking celebrated its sixth anniversary in June with an enrolment of 345 students on its roster and a waiting list of more than 2,000 applicants for admission. At the end of the scholastic year twelve Benedictines and sixty lay professors were on the staff. In September the faculty will be increased by ten more Benedictine priests from the United States. Next spring the University will have its first graduating class. From all over China applications have been received for the services of these graduates as teachers. The demand is far greater than the supply. It is encouraging to hear that a large number of the students have embraced the Faith.

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 150)

yearly celebration of this feast calls to mind an event which, according to tradition, happened in the fourth century. During the pontificate of Pope Liberius, a pious Italian nobleman and his wife had a dream which beckoned them on August 5 to a certain section of the Eternal City, where they were amazed to find a large quantity of freshly fallen snow. The snow had formed itself so as to describe the outlines of the ground plan for a church building. They were given to understand that the Blessed Virgin wanted them to build a basilica there in her honor. The matter was forthwith brought before the pope, who had had the same dream and therefore willingly consented to the proposal. There you have briefly the origin of the feast. The church

that was built there is the famous Church of St. Mary Major, whose ceiling is covered with the first gold mined in America, and which contains the Crib of the Savior and various priceless relics. How many will honor God's Mother under the title "Our Lady of the Snows" on August 5, even though it falls on Tuesday this year? How many, though they have the opportunity thrust at them, will ignore this wellspring of spiritual joy to seek other, passing enjoyments which are most expensive to the soul?

HEAVEN-BOUND

Again on August 15 the liturgy treats us to a feast of the Blessed Virgin—this time, her Assumption into heaven. Oh, let us grasp well the profitable lesson contained in this day's festival! The Church would have us think a little of our own eternal destination. We are bound for heaven, too. As a step forward on this heaven-bent path we must hear Holy Mass on this feast day, because it is a day of obligation. May the Blessed Virgin's triumphal entry into paradise break the way, as it were, for us, so that we may the more easily ascend above the paltry things of earth and keep our hearts detached from the fleeting emptiness of time. By endeavoring to enter into the liturgical spirit of Mary's August feast days we shall leave far behind the madness of the "dog days" and its enervating reaction, for we shall doubtless find in these wellsprings of spiritual coolness the freshment our famished souls desire.

Children's Corner

(Continued from page 185)

at the next gate how many cars are going towards that direction.

Journeying on the Zig-Zag is considered perilous by some. Sharp curves, that make you hold your breath follow each other continuously. Sometimes high hills are on both sides of the road; sometimes, deep canyons, while now and then a hill is found on one-side and a canyon on the other. Many beautiful falls may be seen on both sides, but in my opinion Bridal Veil Falls and Ivy Falls are the nicest. I shall later describe them.

Upon approaching the city of Baguio stately pines are seen on the mountains and along the road. The smell of pines is on the air. The climate is pleasantly cool.

The Bridal Veil Falls have been very correctly named. Imagine a densely vegetated mountain with a cleared space in the form of a trailing veil with equally well shaped falls flowing slowly down in the center of this space and widening slowly as it grows longer. Really, an imitation of a bridal veil!

The Ivy Falls flow down nicely between two rows of ivy leaves, from which the name is derived.

Hoping that this letter might merit a pretty B-Z-B button I remain, Sincerely, Milagros Tejuco, Cervantes Hall, Sta. Cruz, Manila, P. I.

One of the fruits of frequent Communion is an accentuated ease in the practice of virtue.

?

KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Do the editor of Kweery Kolumn and the editor of The Grail belong to the same Community?—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

No, both are Benedictine monks; but the editor of THE GRAIL belongs to St. Meinrad's Abbey, of the Swiss American Congregation, and the editor of the Kweery Kolumn is a member of St. Benedict's Abbey, which belongs to the American Cassinese Congregation.

Is Virginia a Saint's name?—New Orleans, La.

Virginia is another form of Virgana. Saint Virgana was a shepherdess in the Diocese of Poitiers in France and her Feast is celebrated on Jan. 7th. The name Virginia may also be derived from Virgin, in which case the Blessed Virgin Mary is your patroness and your Patronal Feast Day would be Dec. 8th.

Do you believe that the Holy Bible tells nothing but the truth?—Detroit, Mich.

Let me ask you to kindly read the question and answer on the Bible, given in the January issue of this year's GRAIL. Since Our Holy Mother the Church has declared the Bible to be the Word of God, I accept it as such and believe in it most firmly. That supposes, of course, that when you mention the word "Bible" you mean the Scriptures authorized by the Catholic Church. Concerning individual passages in the Bible, I accept the interpretation which is given by the properly authorized teachers of Holy Write, which again means, such teachers as have their authority from the Catholic Church.

Do druggists have a Patron Saint?—Kansas City, Mo.

Druggists are particularly fortunate in this respect, since they have two Patron Saints, Cosmas and Damian, whose Feast is jointly celebrated on the 27th of September.

Why do we have two Feasts of Saint Joseph, the one on Mar. 19th and then later on the Solemnity of Saint Joseph?—Dayton, Ohio.

The Feast of Saint Joseph, celebrated on Mar. 19th, is the Feast Day proper and commemorates the Saint as spouse of the Virgin Mary. But since the Feast generally occurs during the Lenten season, a time of penance and mortification, Holy Mother Church rightly gives vent to her appreciation of the great Saint with a second commemoration during the Paschal season, a time of joy. The Solemnity of Saint Joseph stresses his being the Patron of the Universal Church.

Is the day before the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin a fast day?—Indianapolis, Ind.

You really ought to have one of the lovely Church Calendars that THE GRAIL puts out each year, which gives such information. Yes, the Vigil of the Assumption is a day of fast and of abstinence.

My cousin wants to know if Mynette is a Catholic or a Saint's name?—Colorado Springs, Colo.

Yes. Mynette is the Lithuanian variant of Wilhelmina, which is the feminine form of William. There are many Saints of the name William.

Would you advise a good Catholic girl of a mature age to marry a man of the same religion, who is ten years younger, or to marry a Mason of my own age?—Louisville, Ky.

By all means, do not marry the Mason, for such is not the action of a good Catholic girl. As regards the younger man, since you have stated the age of neither yourself nor him, it is rather difficult to answer your problem. The editor advises you to take your case to a local priest who will be in much better position to give advice in the matter.

What is the Divine Armory?—Little Rock, Ark.

You most probably refer to the excellent work of Kenelm Vaughan, which is a wonderful arrangement of Scripture texts under various headings after the manner of a so-called Scriptural concordance.

Will there be a Novena in Chicago this year? Where and what date?—Calumet City, Ill.

Most probably there will be any number of Novenas in Chicago this year. The editor of this column lives in Kansas and is on the road giving Missions and Retreats most of the time. Hence, he is not in touch with Chicago Novena activities. You will have to seek answer to your question by applying to some information bureau in Chicago. You might try the Church Extension Magazine of that city.

How long does one have to study to be a priest?—Lima, Ohio.

That all depends on circumstances. To reach the priesthood one must have gone through the prescribed course of studies, which is very definitely laid down. Hence it depends upon how far one is advanced in his studies to give the number of years required before he can become a priest.

If a girl entered one convent and then came home and sought entrance into another convent, would the Superior ever find out she was already in one convent if she did not tell her?—New Orleans, La.

Your three questions, of which the above is the last, may all be answered by informing you that, if you apply for entrance into a second convent, Canon Law requires that, amongst other conditions, you must have a testimonial letter from the Superioress of the former convent.

What does the word Ritual mean?—Marysville, Mo.

The word has various meanings. It may signify the rite according to which a single blessing or religious ceremonial takes place. It may stand for the entire ceremonial of one of the branches of the Church. Or it may also signify the book or books in which the various rites are found.

Our Pastor announced some time ago that he would be away from home for some time to attend a Conference; what is that?—Newton, Ia.

Most probably your Pastor referred to the meeting that takes place from time to time in the Diocese, where the Bishop and priests gather to discuss matters pertaining to priestly studies and work. It is of Canon Law that these meetings must take place at suitable times and all the priests of the Diocese are expected to attend. At these meetings papers are read and questions discussed which have a bearing on priestly life and affairs of the Diocese.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingly, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE MISSIONS IN AUGUST

In August there is "heavy vacationing" going on everywhere. Mother has been down at the seashore, or up in the mountains, or in the country with the kiddies for three weeks or more, and father comes down in August to spend two weeks before school opens. But for the missionary there is neither a heavy nor even a light vacation; the only vacation he gets is at night when he sleeps, and then he is often disturbed and summoned to some distant home on a sick call. Most of his days are spent in the seat of his car, whizzing along all kinds of roads, good, bad, and indifferent, on errands of mercy, speeding dying souls on to God—opening the Pearly Gates to those who had so little on earth.

During vacation time, too, folks are apt to forget the faithful, plodding missionary, as the donations in his mail plainly show at this time. But his expenses go on just the same, and there are many plans to be carried out during the summer for the comfort and well-being of the little children who will come back in September, all eager and confident that they will be received and well taken care of. Each year more children apply at the missions, and the good missionaries strain every effort to keep as many as they possibly can, even inconveniencing themselves in order to make room for the little guests who are, to them, the personification of the Christ-Child Himself. "Whosoever shall receive one of these—" is promised a magnificent reward; and the missionaries receive not one, but many.

However, the reception of these little proxies of Christ would not be possible, were it not for those "elder brothers and sisters"—lay missionaries out in the world, all over the United States, whose sacrifices

and donations keep up these "hostelries of Christ," where the poor, undernourished child of the American Indian is fed, clothed and taught, and every effort made to turn him out a sturdy, robust American citizen and child of God. Those who send aid to the missionary give pleasure to the Heart of Christ, Who said, "Whatsoever you do to them, you do to Me." So let us not forget the missionaries in vacation time, for their sole pleasure and enjoyment is to do good for our Lord's sake. Let us keep them supplied with the things they need to keep the missions going, for they give their entire time and strength to the work, and were we to stop aiding them, the missions must stop too, and that would surely be a calamity.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose sends us a picture of his "Cherubs," which was taken just before the close of school. See their picture, and notice how happy and contented they look—and how neatly dressed! They are now spending their vacation at home with their parents, but what a world of good their new school has done them! Father says there is a marked improvement in all the Indians since the opening of the school, for "the children are like windows, permitting rays of Christian sunshine to enter the gloomy homes of the parents." They come home and explain all about their religion to the parents, sing the hymns they learned, and say the prayers as well, and soon, the older Indians begin evincing an interest in the Faith. Before long, they come, asking the missionary for instructions, and by and by, whole pagan families are Christianized.

Another misfortune has befallen poor Seven Dolores Mission; Father writes that a new fence had just been put up at considerable expense around the pasture, and seven yearling heifers and one two-year-old steer were placed within it for safe-keeping. "Imagine our surprise about two days later," writes Father Ambrose, "to find the fence cut and the cattle gone. Some unscrupulous thief—possibly a member of a professional gang of cattle rustlers, in the dead of night, loaded the cattle into a truck and spirited them away to parts unknown. This is a hard blow. For five years we have been trying to build up our dairy herd. We had just about the right number of cattle to take care of the needs of the school when this conscienceless villain came along.

"We are trying very hard to build a barn for the rest of our stock. Funds have not been coming in very plentifully, so we have not yet let a contract. But the barn is needed so badly that I think we will delay no longer with the building, trusting that Divine Providence, so kind to us in the past, will not abandon us in our present dilemma. Readers of THE GRAIL have in the past helped us along very much, and we hope they will keep up their chari-



SIOUX INDIAN CHILDREN AT LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

table interest, otherwise our school could not go on."

Father also writes that they now have plenty of victrolas and radios, sent by kind people, but two organs are badly needed. One for the chapel, and one for the school. We hold \$6.00 for an organ, and await more donations before this instrument can be bought, as the Sisters have a hard time teaching singing without it. Money is needed too for the dairy barn, seven-day sanctuary candles, for altar wine, and 51% pure beeswax candles for altar use. Large framed sacred pictures will also be appreciated. Often the department stores run sales on beautiful large sacred pictures at very low prices. These stores take it upon themselves to ship the pictures, packed safely against breakage. Sometimes, too, if the fact is mentioned that it is for a poor mission, they send it free of charge, or assume half the charge. Or perhaps you have a large picture that you have no room for. Send it to the express office, which will pack it for you and take full charge, so that it will not be broken. The charges are not high.

Health conditions have improved greatly at Seven Dolores during the past two months, though there are still several tubercular cases. Spring and settled summer weather usually bring relief, as the people get out more into the open air. There has not been a funeral for nearly six weeks, and that is saying a great deal.

The general average is from three to four a month.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

The Annual Campfire Council, which is a big party given for St. Paul's by some of Father Sylvester's good friends in Chicago, took place this year on June 15th. Father and an auto load of little Indian children were present, having motored all the way from Marty, in order to meet their kind friends, who are very enthusiastic about this annual party, and work very hard to make it a success. We hope many more good people will take up this idea of giving periodical affairs for the benefit of the missions, while still having a good time themselves. It is a great encouragement to the missionary to know that he has staunch friends "behind the lines" who are working for his success.

Work on the new dormitory building has begun, but for a long time it was hampered by rainy weather, and consequent muddy roads. The wagons and trucks hauling the materials often were stuck in the mud and had to be pulled out by tractors. Sometimes the day's work extends until midnight, in order to keep the workmen supplied with materials, and again, a night shift is put on the trucks, so that the builders will not be idle. There were two hundred and sixty-seven children at Marty last school season, and every nook and cranny was filled. A new building was absolutely necessary to house all the children, for new ones are constantly coming, and the missionary dislikes to turn anyone away.

It is being built entirely on borrowed money, and this worries Father a great deal. Let us help him to defray this expense.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Justin is still saving up for his new oven, and now a new butter churn is needed too. The old one is so bad that the good Sister has quite a time making butter with it, and this is an article of food that is much needed to fatten up the undernourished Indian kiddies. The Sister who has charge of the sewing has asked for needles, thread, thimbles, scissors, buttons, etc.; all that goes with mending and patching. Anyone who can spare some of these articles will find a welcome for them at Immaculate Conception. Also, Sister Pauline, the music teacher, would like to get some band instruments for her boys. Many of them have real talent, and if they had the instruments, could

be developed into real musicians. Perhaps someone has an instrument not used by anybody at home, which they would like to send to this mission? Let us hear from you. Also send bandages, made of clean sheets and pillow slips or old linen towels and table cloths, torn into two and three-inch strips and rolled one on the other. Also salves, liniments, laxatives, etc., to keep the kiddies well, and tooth paste, brushes, soap, combs, towels, etc. Clothing is needed badly too. — Send no clothing to Clare Hampton. Send direct to mission.

AN INDIAN CHILD'S LETTER

Dearest Friend:—

We are getting along fine, and hope this letter will find you in the same condition. I go to school in the morning and work in the laundry in the afternoon here at St. Paul's. I like the laundry work very much; I work on the mangle, which irons sheets, pillow slips and spreads very nicely. This is on Monday; on Tuesday and Wednesday we iron the children's clothes and those of the employees. Sometimes we don't finish until Thursday, but it all depends on how fast we work.

On Saturday I work in the church and get it ready for Mass on Sunday. Well, I will close now, hoping you will be glad to get this letter.

Respectfully yours,
LEAFIE DRAPEAUX.

TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, PRAYER BOOKS, MEDALS, ETC.

The following kind persons have sent in packages: K. Gleeson, Atchison, Kans.; Josephine Modiku, Detroit, Mich.; Catherine Coyle, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Henry Lefevre, Waterbury, Conn.; G. Halloran, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. W. L. Grasmann, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Helen Fitzgerald, New York City; K. Hermes, Columbus, O.; Geo. J. Gosche, Oran, Mo.; Miss T. Olschefske, Meridan, Conn.; E. S. Ferris, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. M. Burger, Baldwin, L. I.; Miss Mary Dowd, McMechen, W. Va.; E. Halloran, Indianapolis, Ind. (Second package for the month); Mrs. Mary Panzullo, Phila., Pa.; K. Ryan, New York City; Jane McCarthy, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. F. J. Morhman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Frances Nitschman, Chicago, Ill.

God bless all these kind people for their trouble in packing and sending. Come again.

BEADWORK AND NEEDLEWORK

Patronize our beadwork and needlework bureau; following is a list of articles made by Father Sylvester's girls. Buy them for birthday and saints-day gifts and bridge and lotto prizes:

Pink embroidered laundry bag, 50¢; 54-inch embroidered lunch cloth and 6 large napkins, \$5.00; 36-inch emb. lunch cloth and four napkins, \$3.00; 3 large emb. scarves, \$2.00 each; 2 smaller scarves, \$1.00 each; 1 fine white serge baby coat, featherstitched in pale blue, \$3.00; Emb. knife, fork, and spoon cases, \$1.00 each; Emb. white rompers for child of 3 years, \$1.00; 1 large and 2 small dollies for buffet, 50¢; 1 pair crocheted garters, beautiful, 50¢.

BEADWORK: 1 handbag, \$4.00; 1 handbag, \$3.00; smaller handbags, \$2.00 and \$1.50, beautifully beaded. Beaded pincushions, 75¢; Woven bead necklaces, \$1.00; Perfumed rose beads, 50¢; Bead bracelet, 50¢; Flower holder, 75¢; War club, beaded handle and stone head, \$2.00; Adult moccasins (give length in inches) \$5.00 and \$3.00; Children's \$1.50; Babies' 75¢; Doll's moccasins, 25¢. Silk patch-quilt tops, firmly featherstitched onto heavy backing, \$7.00. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.



LETTER BOX

It isn't often, in fact it has happened only once during the lifetime of THE CHILDREN'S CORNER that the Very Reverend editor of THE GRAIL has read the copy for THE CORNER in the Children's Corner at Royal, Nebr. But that really and truly was the case this summer, Children, or, perhaps I should say, Readers—for I am sure that some of the members are past the age included in the class of children.

It was a pleasure to Aunt Agnes to be able to hand over the LETTER BOX to the Very Reverend editor to criticize instead of mailing it, as has always been the case. And after he had read the LETTER BOX what do you think he said?

"I like it very much!"

Now doesn't that please you? To think that a real grown-up should enjoy our Corner, and not be bored by reading it!

We surely have been receiving some mighty fine letters. It is not always possible to get them into print as soon as we should like, but if you are patient, you'll see your name in print.

Now let us see what the "Box" contains this time. Will you Girls help me, please?

Hand me that letter bearing the foreign stamp.

Well, I'll declare, if it isn't from Milagros Tejuco, Cervantes Hall, Sta. Cruz, Manila. It hasn't been long since we sent a Fidelity Button to that address, and now we can mail a B-Z-B button. That's the right spirit, isn't it? I wish there were more who would write as good letters as our friend from Manila. Please read the letter.

Sever Perz, 8019 Houston, Ave., Chicago, read the poem about the dirty little girl in the May issue. She (or he—which is it?) submits verses "To My Dad," saying that she wishes them to be an answer to this, so "Dad" will know what his little girl thinks of him. I call this real clever, don't you?—Unfortunately lack of space will not admit the poem this time.

Sever Perz, who is attending Metropolitan Business College, is 17. She is fond of all outdoor sports, is a high school graduate, wishes to earn a couple of buttons, and desires correspondents, ardently hoping that someone will write. But I do not know whether Sever Perz is a boy or a girl, do you?

Ruth Birkle, Jasper, Indiana. 319 E. 9th St. Glad to meet you, Ruth. So you are 14, a Freshman in

High, and cultivating a literary bug? Success to you. Hope we shall see further efforts of yours along this line.

Hello there! The postmark is Minneapolis, Minn. The writer, Lois Campion, 14, of 3014-22 Ave. So. And Lois says, "I certainly do enjoy reading 'The Grail,' and especially 'The Children's Corner.'" Thanks a lot, Lois. Hope you'll like the Fidelity Button, and enjoy the letters from the others. We seldom hear from either of the Twin Cities, so please write again.

I do declare! If here isn't a letter from way back East! Marie Lacey, Oakville, Conn., age 12, who likes books, and who also has a literary bug. Marie, you and Lois should write each other.

Now back to Indiana again, and this time to Tell City, 425 Ninth St. Alice Lautner has received many letters protesting against a comment of hers to the effect that boys are lazy. But she isn't satisfied with the number and wishes to hear from others.

Loretta Specht, 2152 W. Roosevelt, Chicago, Ill., writes for the names of stories suitable to tell to small children during a story hour period.

I think Grace Sorenson, editor of Every Child's Magazine, Omaha, Neb., and Story Hour Lady over WOW at Omaha, might have something good. "Patty Comes Loose" is a clever little story of hers. It appeared in THE CHILDREN'S CORNER two years ago.

One more letter and then the box is empty. Anna Scotty Onchea, 3508 Woodbine Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, thinks it is funny to call someone she has never seen by the name of "Aunt Agnes." She says she has loads of friends but no pen chums. So help her out, some of you whose fingers itch to write.

And now, Good-by till the LETTER BOX fills up once more.

All buttons will be mailed before long.

MARY AGNES GOES A-JAUNTING

I was sitting on the lawn one afternoon in June, wishing that something different would happen, or that I might be riding in one of the tourist cars, of which I see dozens daily, passing east or west, on highway No. 20, the first thing I knew a big car, containing

three scholarly looking gentlemen, stopped right in front of our home.

I was so excited for a minute I didn't know what to do, but I ran into the house and said, "Mother, there is a car out here, and I think Father Sylvester is one of the persons. He is asking for Father Benedict."

Father Benedict is my uncle, and he had only recently come out from Indiana to spend a few days with us. The three visitors proved to be Father Sylvester, the zealous Indian missionary at Marty, S. D., Father Justin, from Stephan, S. D., and Father Damian, a new man, who was on his way to the missions. They had come to take my uncle along for a visit.

Well, the result of it all was that in a comparatively short time I found myself and my Grandma and my Uncle seated in the large car gliding over the roads almost as easily as if we were flying. I had to pinch myself to see if I were not dreaming.

The first real thrill came when we drew up at the banks of the "Big Muddy" (Missouri River) which hitherto had meant to me only a black wavy line across the map in my geography. Oh! how yellow it was. I didn't know how we were going to get across, for I saw no bridge, but pretty soon we drove onto a big ferry boat, and almost as quick as I can tell you, but not quite, we were on the other side.

In the early evening we reached St. Paul's Indian Mission at Marty, S. D., about which I had read so much in THE GRAIL, but which I had never seen.

We had the pleasure and the privilege of attending the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—it was the feast of the Sacred Heart—and after a wonderfully appetizing supper, which had been prepared by Father Sylvester's good mother, we enjoyed a refreshing night's sleep.

The next morning we were shown through the buildings that contains the power plant, and the printing press where the "Little Bronzed Angel" is published each month.

I was particularly pleased with what I saw in the school building, and surprised to see what beautiful sewing had been done by the Indian children between the ages of seven and sixteen years. I was told that there are fifty Indian children who stay at the Mission during the summer, and that 267 attended during the past school year. Maybe some of you saw a picture of "Tony" in a recent issue of the "Little Bronzed Angel." Well, I had the pleasure of seeing Tony and of playing with him. He is a darling little brown-eyed, dark-skinned fellow about two years of age, the pet of the mission, for his mother is dead. I'd enjoy a romp with Tony every day, and I believe the pleasure would be mutual, for Tony seemed to like me.

I was sorry that I couldn't go along to see Father Justin's mission at Stephan, but I was glad to see Father Ambrose's mission at Devils Lake, which is near Fort Totten, N. D.—Oh, yes, before we got to Devils Lake we crossed over the "top of the world," a slightly elevated range of hills. On the north side of this range all the water flows to the Arctic Ocean while on the south side it all makes for the Gulf of Mexico.

The weather in North Dakota seemed so much cooler that I wondered how close I might be to the Frigid Zone. We were only a hundred miles from the Canada line. Our stay there was necessarily short, then, heigh ho! for the Black Hills of South Dakota. A stop was made at Belle Fourche, here an aunt and three cousins live. Uncle Billy died last summer. Belle Fourche is the home of the sugar beet industry. We then went on to Spearfish, nestling at the foot of the hills, where the national fish hatchery is located; to Deadwood, the old mining town; Lead, Rapid City, and other points including visits to beautiful Sylvan Lake (over 6,200 feet above sea level), the picturesque Needles, and the Summer White House. We drove to the top of Mt. Coolidge on July Fourth and ate our lunch there. On the day previous we had gone up to the top of Mt. Roosevelt, an equally thrilling ascent and enjoyed a panoramic view of the country for more than a hundred miles to the East and North.

Beautiful, scenic, picturesque Black Hills! How I wished I might stay a month among the spruce and the pine in the shadow of the magnificent hills of stone!

But all good things here below come to an end. Returning through the renowned Bad Lands and over the vast prairies we found ourselves at Marty again after an absence of seven days. Here new-found friends kindly offered to take us the remainder of the way. Thus I made the acquaintance of two lovely little girls about my own age and I enjoyed the pleasure of their company to my home in Nebraska. Again crossing the Big Muddy on the ferry, we reached home and loved ones in time for supper. Now it all seems like a beautiful dream, or the adventures of a story-book girl. I have many happy memories of the trip that will remain with me through the years, and I shall never cease to be grateful to the kind friends who provided me with this golden opportunity.—Mary Agnes Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

The object of this letter is to win a B-Z-B button. The Fidelity Button was very nice, but according to you the B-Z-B button is much nicer. I am, therefore, eager to win the second button, too. I choose for this letter a description of the Benguet Zig-Zag, the much curved and coiled road that leads to Baguio, the famous Philippine summer resort.

This notable road is especially famous for its many curves. Being in a mountainous region hardly anything else is expected of it. This road is narrow so that only one vehicle at a time can pass it. To prevent encounters on the Zig-Zag, gates are placed some kilometers apart from each other all along this road. When a car arrives at a gate it has to stop. Here it has to wait for the car or cars that are coming towards this gate from the opposite direction. The gates are always situated where the road permits one car or cars to wait while the others going to the other direction pass by. Men are stationed at each gate to act as guards. These men communicate with each other to notify the guard

(Continued on page 180)

EXCHANGE SMILES

"Now, who can tell me," asked the teacher, "what the leaders of the Indian tribes were called?"

"They were called 'chiefs,'" answered several voices in unison.

"Fine!" complimented the teacher. "And what were the Indian women called?"

"Mis-chiefs," suggested one of the little ones after some hesitation.

"A stratum," explained the teacher in Geography, "is a layer of anything. Now who can name a layer?"

"A hen!" Tommy replied.

Abbey and Seminary

—As we write towards the end of July, the heat and the drouth continue to exert a depressing influence. No one in our neighborhood seems to recall another similar period of extended drouth such as we are now passing through. While an occasional shower has fallen, there has been no heavy rain since last winter. Despite weather conditions, the small grain yielded a bountiful harvest, but the corn is badly in need of moisture. Water is at a premium. Many wells have gone dry. The Anderson Creek, which keeps our huge tank supplied for domestic purposes, has long ceased to flow, and threatens to dry up entirely. The road crew, which for weeks has been consuming 50,000 gallons of water per day from the Anderson, has drained many of the pools that stood in the creek bed.

—The concrete slab on road No. 62 has become a reality at St. Meinrad. The stretch of road from Dale to the intersection with No. 162 was completed in June. The road crew then began operations at the Spencer County line a mile east of Monte Cassino, working west through the town. When the junction with the spur that extends up the hill to our church had been reached, the crew interrupted their work on 62 for a day and a half to construct the spur. The highway was then continued westward towards 162. If the water holds out, all other conditions being favorable, the slab should be completed early in August. According to present plans there will be a formal opening of this road on Labor Day, Sept. 1. This slab is the final link in the system of concrete highways that has put us, so to say on the streets of New York, Chicago, San Francisco—and lesser marts. With the highways and automobiles it is now possible for us to go either to Evansville or to Louisville and return between breakfast and dinner, if need be. Formerly a full day scarcely sufficed.

—The summer vacation is always quite a drain on the monastic choir, for most of the priests of the monastery are absent on duty, substituting in parishes, attending summer school, or for other valid reasons.

—The changes among the priests of the Abbey went into effect as announced in the July number, except that Father Paul became pastor at Dale and Father Roman remained as assistant at Jasper.

—In July F. Lambert Enslinger was called to Yankton, S. D., to give two retreats to the Benedictine Sisters at Sacred Heart Convent; Father Aloysius Fischer was the retreat master for the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand, Indiana; Father Albert Kleber gave a re-

treat in Chicago; Father Abbot Ignatius conducted the spiritual exercises for the monks at St. Joseph Abbey in Louisiana, also one for the Benedictine Sisters in the same community; F. Cyril will give a retreat in Chicago.

—Father Albert, Rector of the Major Seminary since the death of Father Gregory Bechtold on Nov. 7, 1917, has relinquished his post after thirteen strenuous years. He will continue to teach, however, and will endeavor to complete his investigations in the cause of the saintly Poor Clare Abbess, Mother Maddalena Bentivoglio, who after having introduced the Poor Clare Order into the United States, died as superior of the monastery at Evansville in 1905.

—Father Columban Thuis will succeed Father Albert as Rector of the Seminary when school opens again. Father Cyril Gaul will help to bear the burdens of office. Father Anselm Schaaf will remain Rector of the Minor Seminary with Father Aemilian Elpers as disciplinarian.

—Rev. Charles Bilger, class of '80, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Madison, Indiana, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on July 22. Fathers Bede and Basil were among those who assisted at the altar during the jubilee services. Bro. Casimir, of our community, who died in 1908, was a half brother of the jubilarian. *Ad multos annos!*

—To the pious prayers of our readers we heartily recommend the following persons who are seriously ill: Rev. Kilian Schott, class of '86, pastor of St. Anthony Church, Evansville; Rev. Dominic Barthel, O. S. B., class of '88, for thirty-four years rector of St. Meinrad College; Mr. Frank Enslinger, father of our Father Lambert.

BOOK NOTICES

Manual of Religious Vacation Schools, from the Rural Life Bureau, N. C. W. C., (1312 Mass. Ave., N. W.), Washington, D. C., is a booklet of 48 pages with complete plans for the four-week course for the Primary Grades, Intermediate Grades, Junior High School Grades, and Senior High School. As there are 10,535 churches in our country without parish schools, the Religious Vacation School ought to have a strong appeal to many of our countrymen. Fortunately the movement is growing. B. B.

Ragamuffin, by Ruth Irma Low (Benziger Brothers; cloth, \$1.00; postage, 10¢), is a delightful story full of life. Children especially will enjoy it and draw good lessons therefrom. The author understands children. A. B.

College Days at the Manor, by Mary Dodge TenEyck (Benziger Brothers publishers; cloth, \$1.25; postage 15¢) is a story of college days, full of adventure, that will appeal to girls. A. B.

The Little Flowers of Saint Catherine of Siena—a collection of exquisite "fioretti" which reveal the charm of medieval life in cultured Italy, by Fra Innocenzo Taurisano, published by the E. M. Lohmann Co., St. Paul. Price, \$1.25 net.—This is a charming book somewhat different in style, preserving as it does the medieval manner in narrating. The reader will find therein data that are wanting in other lives of this great saint. A. B.

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER I—LAUNCHING ON STRANGE WATERS

THE sun was setting in rich, red tints behind the Ozarks, forecasting another hot, brilliant day, like the one just passed, as a small, forlorn figure slowly walked through the entrance of St. Peter's Cemetery and wended its way townward. It was a girl of twelve, wearing an ill-fitting dress of black sateen, which had evidently been made over from some older person's garment. Her eyes were red and swollen from many tears, and as she directed her footsteps toward the town's main street, she turned now and then to glance back at the fresh mound back in the cemetery, beside which she had but just been kneeling. She was leaving all that was dearest to her in that grave, for she had lost her mother within the last week, and there was no one else in that locality whom she could claim as kin. According to her dying parent's wish, she was being sent by the kind neighbors to an uncle in Pennsylvania, her only known relative, now that her mother was gone.

All her time, since the funeral, had been spent in packing, sorting, and disposing of the furniture, clothing, and trinkets her mother had possessed, and when everything was in readiness for departure, and the little two-room cottage empty, except for her trunk, she had slipped away for a last visit to the grave. She was to leave on the evening train, and a kind neighbor had invited her to have some supper at her home before train time. Were it not for these same good-hearted neighbors, she would never have known what to do about disposing of the few worldly goods her mother had left. She gladly accepted their advice, allowed them to sell the articles she could not take with her, and gratefully received the money they brought—which, of course, was not a great deal. One good woman had offered to make over some of her mother's old dresses, in order that she might have a store of clothing for some time to come, and she gladly permitted the lady to do so, although the result was nothing that a modern city miss would have consented to wear. But modern styles had not penetrated to Appleton, little more than a village buried in the Ozark hills, where people were just "plain home folks," and the women still dressed in the styles of twenty or thirty years ago. Clothing was chosen more for utility and wearing quality than for beauty, and the vanity of the

outer world was quite unknown. Sobriety, industry and a deep, neighborly kindness were virtues much esteemed, and blood kin could not have been more keenly interested and helpful to each other than these people were.

Madeline Edgeworth, as the little girl was called, was accustomed all her life to this attitude of brotherly charity to friend and stranger alike, and much as she disliked to leave all her mother's old friends and neighbors, and her own as well, yet she looked forward with a secret thrill to the unknown uncle, who, she felt, must love her even more than these good people did, for was he not a blood relation—her father's own brother? Mr. Thickwater, her next-door neighbor, had sent her uncle a telegram when her mother died, and this afternoon he had sent another, apprising him of his niece's arrival in a day or two. Madeline had never known anything else but love and kindness for everybody, so she was prepared to love this unknown uncle with all her heart.

Arriving at Mrs. Thickwater's cottage, that good lady speedily laid an abundance of steaming viands on the table, and heaped Madeline's plate. But the girl, from grief and excitement and anticipation, doubtless, could eat but little, and, now that her former home had been dismantled, and there was nothing more to hold her in Appleton, she was anxious to make the new ties which she felt must stop up the ache and emptiness in her heart. Old Jake, the expressman from the depot, came presently with his leisurely old horse and spring wagon to get Madeline's trunk, and, having known her all her life, he kept up a running fire of small talk about her trip, all the while he was carrying and loading the luggage, and his cheerful and often witty remarks did much to lighten her departure. All the neighbors came to the depot to see her off, even Miss Morley, the school teacher, and old Mr. Licksaddle, the choirmaster. The neighbors brought fruit, cookies, chicken sandwiches, and many other good things to eat, while Miss Morley brought Madeline a book to read on the train, and the kindly old organist contributed a bag of chocolates and gum drops.

Madeline's seat was so piled with packages she was sure she would never be able to eat it all, and she chatted quite cheerfully with them all through the window, and promised to write often to each of them, until the train bell began to ring, and the wheels began to turn slowly and almost imperceptibly. Then she waved goodbye and threw them kisses through a blur of tears. As

the train cleared the shed, she suddenly realized the greatness of her loneliness, for, as long as she was among these people, it was impossible to feel bereft.

It was Saturday morning, and a drizzle that was slightly chill, even though it was the last part of July, was falling steadily, as she was deposited at the small, plain shed that served as depot for Turnerville. It was only a scattering of houses boasting a name, and more forlorn and deserted-looking than Appleton could ever have been. Her trunk was dumped beside her on the warped planking, and the train thundered off, leaving her looking about bewilderedly at the deserted platform, where even the usual loiterers were absent. Not a soul was to be seen, but she did hear the tick of a telegraph instrument within the shack, so she moved toward the ticket window, having ascertained first that no one was at the station to meet her. After some time, a blue-shirted individual, red-necked, grizzled and wrinkled with much contact of sun and air, and chewing a great wad of tobacco, consented to turn to her to see what was wanted.

"Pardon me," she began timidly. "I am Madeline Edgeworth, Josiah Edgeworth's niece. Wasn't there anyone here this morning to meet me?" The fellow first cleared his throat ponderously, and moved his wad to the other side of his mouth before he answered.

"Hah, so you're the old skinflint's niece, be you? Well, now, there ain't no one been here this mornin', seein' as it's rainin' an' all. But you can come in and set here awhile; mebbe he'll come along a little later." So she thanked him and took the proffered seat—on an old rickety garden bench, one of three which lined the waiting room. Besides these, there was a much-burnt cannon-ball stove, and a fly-specked calendar on the wall, as she had leisure to observe. This constituted all the furniture of the room, which, with its worn, splintery floor, and cracked walls and ceiling, were anything but a beautiful prospect. So she opened her book and tried to concentrate on the story, but what with the dashing patter of the raindrops upon the two dingy windows, and her anxiety for someone to come for her, she did not get very far. Instead, she arose, and restlessly paced from window to door, watching anxiously for some sort of vehicle which might contain her uncle.

An hour passed, and no one came, so she approached the agent again and spoke to him.

"Isn't there some way you could reach my uncle?" she asked. "Couldn't you phone him from here?" The agent guffawed.

"Phone! Him? Why he won't even keep a cat or dog, for fear they might eat too much. Naw, I don't know what you're agoin' to do, Miss. If it warn't rainin' you might walk out to his place; it's nigh onto three miles from here. But you'd have to send someone for the trunk afterwards."

"He knows I'm coming, so I don't see why he doesn't come, or send someone at least. Mr. Thickwater sent him a telegram." The agent shrugged.

"Old Skinflint don't put himself out fer nobody, Miss.

Well, sez I, 'if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must come to the mountain,' ain't it so, Miss? Wait a minute; I'll see if old Zeb Mudtrotter ain't around som'ers with his surrey. He usually takes folks wherever they want to go. Hey, you, Johnny Pine! Know where Zeb Mudtrotter is? Got a customer fer him. Scout him up, will ye?"

"Yeh, I seen 'im. He's asleepin' behind the stove at the general store. I'll go over and tickle him with a feather."

"None of your monkey business, kid! Wake him up quick; this here young lady has got to get to Josiah Edgeworth's. So beat it!"

In about fifteen minutes old Zeb Mudtrotter and his sleepy horse and ramshackle surrey were seen leisurely coming toward the depot, and Madeline made ready to go with him. The rear seat of the surrey was removed, and Zeb and the station agent heaved her trunk into the space thus made. Then she climbed up into the seat with the driver, and the horse trotted off. Zeb gave her an old section of black oilcloth, one end of which he hung upon a hook in the roof, that she might be protected from the driving rain. He himself wore an old, cracked slicker and helmet, which were dripping wet. The drive seemed hours long to Madeline, for the road was none to good, and every now and then the wheels skidded through a puddle, and she held on in fear, lest they be dumped into the ditch alongside the road.

But at last they came in sight of a large frame house of two stories and attic, and turned into a fallen gateway onto a drive that used to be of gravel, but now was mostly mud. Not a soul was about the place, and the yard and surroundings were so neglected as to convey the appearance of complete desertion. But so was not the case, as they soon ascertained when Zeb climbed down and knocked at the side door, which faced the drive. The door was opened a couple of inches, and a sharp, pointed face with iron gray hair framing it peered out.

"What do you want?" asked Josiah, in no very friendly tone.

"I've brought your niece. She says she telegraphed you, and why didn't you come to meet her at the station?"

"Heh?" said Mr. Edgeworth, coming out onto the porch. "Think I've nothing to do but gallivant out in the rain a-runnin' after relatives? She's got legs." Madeline blushed and timidly alighted.

"How do you do, Uncle Josiah? It is a bad day, isn't it? How much do I owe you, Mr. Mudtrotter?"

"Don't expect me to pay it. You coulda walked," hastily put in her uncle. Zeb looked at Josiah and then at the girl, and then made a gesture with his hands, walking back to the surrey.

"Not a thing, Miss. Not a thing. Don't want nuthin' fer it." But Madeline followed him and insisted on paying him.

"Please tell me how much it is; you must earn your living too. Will a dollar be enough?"

"Make it fifty cents then, Miss, although I really don't want nuthin'."

"No, take the dollar. You've earned it; the road is very bad, and you have had to handle my heavy trunk." After much coaxing, Zeb finally took it, and with a covert glance at Josiah, climbed back to his seat and clucked to the horse. "And thank ye very kindly, Miss," he added, as an afterthought.

The two went into the house, Madeline timidly following her uncle.

"Didn't you get my telegram, Uncle?" she asked, by way of beginning a conversation and covering an awkward pause.

"Yes, I got it," he replied curtly. "And what did you want to pay Zeb for when he didn't want anything? You're not very saving, I can see that."

"Well, it was coming to him, wasn't it?"

"Huh! Coming to him! I'll tell you this, right from the start: If you want to live with me, you'll have to be a lot more saving than you are. You can keep house for me, but you'll have to watch things close, or I can't be bothered with you. Did your mother leave you any money?"

"Not very much; by the time the funeral was paid, I had only \$55 left, and I got about \$36 for the old furniture in the house, which the neighbors sold for me."

"Neighbors! Well, you are an easy mark! How do you know they gave you all the money and didn't keep any for themselves?"

"Oh, Uncle, I would have trusted any one of them just like I did my own mother. You don't know what good, kind, honest people they were."

"Bah! Honest my eye! Nobody's honest when you ain't lookin' at 'em. You say you have—let's see, fifty-five and thirty-six is \$91. You'd better give it to me to take care of for you, or you might spend it on a lot of foolish gewgaws, just like most girls do, and then you'd have nothing."

"Oh no, Uncle, I won't spend it. I have plenty of clothes for sometime, but if you want to put it in the bank for me, I shall be glad to have you do so. Here it is." Old Josiah's eyes fairly glittered as he received the currency into his hands and eagerly counted it. Meanwhile, Madeline's eyes quickly took in the interior of the house. They had entered by the side door, and this led into a hall which branched off to the kitchen and front part of the house. The floors were rough and splintery and the walls and ceilings faded and cracked, with the paper peeling off in places. The ceiling corners were festooned with cobwebs, and a thick coating of dust rested on most of the furniture. The kitchen floor boasted a linoleum whose design was completely worn off, and in places the boards showed through. The parlor carpet, which could be seen through the other end of the hall where they stood, was gray and colorless, and everything looked gloomy and dingy.

Madeline, with the true housewife's instinct, young as she was, itched to be at the sadly neglected house. She had been well-trained by her mother, and there was no branch of the household arts into which she

had not been initiated, so she clasped her hands together and said:

"Oh, Uncle, I'm going to love fixing up your house for you! I'm going to give everything a good scrubbing and polish it up like a new silver spoon."

"Well, if ye didn't I wouldn't have ye here for a minute!" was the crabbed fellow's reply. "Come on upstairs and pick ye a room. One is as bad as the other, so it makes no difference which you choose. I've got nothin' fancy, but I want you to take good care of what's here." So she followed him upstairs, and chose a room facing the East, because she loved to have the morning sun wake her up.

"I think this room will be very pleasant after it is cleaned and fixed up. Those ought to be real pretty curtains after they're washed. They have crocheted edges."

"Yeh, the widow Cummins made 'em and put 'em up last year fer my Chris'mas present, thinkin' she could set her cap at me, but I know when I'm well off. I don't want no women folks around—'ceptin' of course, I can't help you gettin' on my hands. Twarn't none of my doin's no how. All right, take this room if you want it. We shoulda had Zeb take the trunk up fer you. Did ye see how quick he run away? He had his dollar and he was afraid I might ask him to help take the trunk up. How we goin' to get it up now, huh?"

"Oh, that's easy, Uncle," replied Madeline, ready to adapt herself to anything. "I'll take out everthing and carry it up myself, then the trunk won't be heavy and you and I can carry it up together when it's empty."

"Well, all right; hurry up then, get the duds up here, and then put your apron on and get started down in the kitchen. The widow Cummins quit coming around to do things for me after she found out she couldn't make no impression on me, and I ain't had much time to clean up myself."

"That's all right, Uncle; I'm not afraid to work, and I'm going to make everything so pretty you won't know the old place!" Saying which, she suddenly kissed the old fellow on the cheek, and determined to win him over by sheer loving kindness.

"Ah, gwan! Git with your foolishness!" he cried, rubbing the place she had kissed. But she could see as he turned around to leave the room that his mouth was contorted into a sort of grimace which he was trying to conceal, and which passed off for a smile. When he was gone, she clasped her hands together and looked around. A room for her very own! It was the first time she could ever boast of such a luxury, and at once she began to make plans in her mind for the beautification of her own little sanctum. So she took off her hat and walked over to the clothes closet with it, but the shelf was so dusty that she had to lay the hat on the bed. Then she went down to get her things out of the trunk.

(To be continued)

An Admission of Inadequacy

The question of broken homes and divorce was taken up recently by a well-known Assembly, and branded "an admission of inadequacy" on the part of those unable to agree. If we seek farther for the reason, we shall most often find that woman, who should be queen of the home, refuses to make sacrifices and bend her efforts to make her marriage successful. Justice Lewis of the Supreme Court recently said: "We are born in hospitals, we entertain in our clubs, we eat in restaurants, entertain our visiting friends in cabarets, and—are buried from funeral parlors. The home no longer means anything."

Woman is the home maker and manager, and upon her depends everything; the man earns the living, but he depends upon his wife to make his world, to make things pleasant at home for him, to bring up his children, to keep him comfortable. Woman has come to look upon many of these functions as degrading, but did she but look at it in its proper light, she would see how tremendous is her own importance, how every cog in the machinery of home and married life depend upon her careful supervision, tending, oiling, like a perfect engine, which, when disabled, stops the whole train of cars. Is it degrading for her to be in such an important position? Husband, children, all look to her as to their guiding star, and when woman shirks her end of the job, there is bound to be dissension, unhappiness, discontent.

Women have tried going outside the home for careers, but if they sacrificed home for a career, and did not remain at the helm in their own domains at the same time, disaster has inevitably followed. But broken homes are not all caused by careers. In Brooklyn it was found that there was only one child in every two divorced couples, and divorces were obtained for the most trivial causes—incompatibility being the most favored complaint. What is incompatibility? Nothing more or less than a refusal to adapt oneself to another; woman, whose divine function is to forgive, to lead, to point the way to a higher, more ethereal union, in these cases leaves her diadem on a shelf, and descends to trivial, petty quarrels, expects to be waited on and catered to, and refuses to make the smallest concession or effort or sacrifice. It is her admission of inadequacy; if the man of the union is not understanding and considerate and all that she could wish him to be, then it is her proud prerogative to show him the way; to show the high example for him to follow, to draw him by inexpressible sweetness and effort and *steadfastness* in all that is right and good.

No, it is not degrading to be the central pillar of the home, to be the lodestone toward which everyone in the family leans; it is no slavery to superintend and govern all things, to labor much, to be devoted and tender and understanding and loving and cheerful under all circumstances; to smile under a breaking heart, to draw all by love, to count no sacrifice too great for those one loves—in short to be *queen* of her little domicile, in which dissension and discontent and unhappiness are never permitted to show their faces!

Household Hints

Now is the time when many plants, especially rose-bushes, are attacked by insect pests. Dust with insect powder, or, better still, give a bath of tobacco water, (a handful of tobacco soaked in a pint of water about a half hour and well stirred) or suds made of mild toilet soap. If insects reappear in a week or so, repeat until all are destroyed.

Hot summer sun is the best bleach for cloth; any spotted or stained material may be spread very wet upon the grass, and as soon as dry, pour water on again; repeat until stains have disappeared. A scorched garment may be rendered white as snow by wetting the scorched spot a little and placing in the hot sun; rewet until perfectly white.

When crocheting pillow-slip edgings, sew rickrack braid on first with a large stitch; then, when the slips have worn out, it is an easy matter to rip off the lace and use again.

Potato pancakes have a wonderful flavor if a minced onion is added to batter.

Recipes

TOASTED CRUMB PIE: Take 2 cups toasted crumbs and rub together with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon butter. Line pan with this; then mix 1 jar creamed cheese, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon and rind, 3 egg yolks, vanilla. Bake until set and a golden brown, then cover with meringue made of the egg whites nicely browned.

TWO HOT-WEATHER MILK DRINKS: For dinner: 1 can tomato soup, 4 cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chipped ice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon celery salt, juice of one onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Have everything well chilled. This may be served as first course, with oyster crackers.

For afternoon: Pineapple or strawberry crush: (as strawberries are out of season in August, strawberry preserves may be used) 2 cups crushed strawberry or pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4 cups milk. Shake well and serve in glasses with chipped ice.

Worth While

M. E. WATKINS

A friend to-day asked with a smile,
"Tell me, traveler, is life worth while?"
"Ah, Friend," I said, "Life seems to me,
Just one big smile from what I see."

Life is that smile, expressing life's course,
Love is the cause, God is the source.
That smile we find in all things bright—
A brilliant sun—the purest white.

Life is the soul, clad in a smile—
The perfect God that's all worth while.



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

Conducted by HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Dr. H. "Good morning, all. I wonder why we have so many with us to-day?"

Mr. Rackham—"Why, they all want to hear about my case. There was never anything like it in the county before."

Mrs. Klein—"I think they got interested in that story about the church and the earthquake. They think you will tell something more about tetanus."

Dr. H. "I would like to go about that subject but really we have all we can take with us out of the subject, when you know that sunlight is good for wounds, that no wound should be dressed with an air-tight dressing, and that all perforating wounds should have a doctor's care. Now I will tell you something more about the infection that we found to resemble tetanus, at least in being fatal if not treated properly, and that is 'hydrophobia.' This word means *fear of water*. It is named so because the poor dog that has it avoids water.—That is because the very sight of it throws the muscles of swallowing into a spasm, and thus adds to his misery. The symptoms of hydrophobia or 'rabies' as it is more often called do not appear immediately after the person is bitten, but may develop as late as ten or twenty days afterwards, sometimes longer.

"The story of the discovery of a cure for this condition by the great Pasteur is one of the noblest chapters in the history of civilization. Since his time no one need die of this terrible disease. There are at present 'stations' in every large city where treatment can be obtained. The serum is obtained from rabbits that have been treated to graduated doses of the infection. From a long series of rabbits a serum is produced which is so powerful an antidote to the poison of rabies that it destroys it, while at the same time doing no harm whatever to the patient. The sooner the serum is used, the better, but it is worth while to try it any time before the symptoms appear.

"This reminds me of an experience early in my own practice. My patient was a little boy bitten by a dog that afternoon. The wound was not serious, and the family was more angry than alarmed. The dog was a quiet old fellow and a great favorite with all the children. This was the second child he had bitten that day, which made me suspicious. A quiet dog does not go on the rampage and bite the children he plays with except there is something very wrong. Some words had already passed between the parents and the owner of the dog. I don't think any of them had any real fear for the result, and the owner not only resented the aspersion on his dog's good name, but in the back of his mind there was a shadow of doctor's bills that he might be liable for. I went over to his home to ask him if he would not tie up the dog and watch him carefully for a few days until we could tell whether he had hydrophobia or no. My reception was not very friendly. He had already shot the dog and the body was lying in the yard. He felt that he had paid his hostages to fortune,

and I felt that the dog must be examined at all cost. I told him I wanted the head anyway, and he as much as said, 'Come and take it.' There was an old axe in a shed, and with some ill directed blows and a good deal of haggling I had the head, and like a very bad reproduction of 'Judith with the head of Holofernes' I was not on my way to the city but to the railway depot. The head was duly sent to the university. I did not expect a report in less than eight days as I thought they would have to test the infection on field mice, as was the usual way, but the following afternoon a telegram came—'Hydrophobia positive.' The changes that had already taken place in the brain were sufficient to allow them to send this telegram, and later experiments on field mice proved its correctness.

"There was now no trouble in having the children sent away for treatment, and they both passed through this fearful experience without any ill consequences."

Mr. R.—"Well, well, I didn't think there was anything very dangerous but tuberculosis and tetanus."

Dr. H.—"There are many infections also dangerous, and it is better for us to know about them, provided we do not allow ourselves to dwell on them too much. You know the old saying about a 'whole skin.' It used to be considered lucky to come out of any kind of a scramble with a whole skin, and it is lucky yet, for wherever the skin is broken the doorway is open to infection. Years ago when my sister and I practiced together there was a boy of about fifteen or sixteen in her service. He had been brought from another town, and was rapidly failing when we saw him, and he died within twenty-four hours. She asked for a post-mortem examination, and there was revealed the fact that almost every organ of the body contained an abscess. She was deeply interested in the cause, and even went to his town to talk with his mother and sisters and find if possible the history of the case. She found that he had been working at an ingrowing toenail with his pocketknife, and later opened a pimple on his face with the same knife.

"It would seem that the infection which was walled off around the toenail, where it was a slow process, was carried to the face through the pimple and quickly spread through his whole system, with fatal consequences. This story has a great lesson, for we are very careless about what we use to open boils or pimples, or to remove slivers from under the skin. I think our next lesson will be about these things."

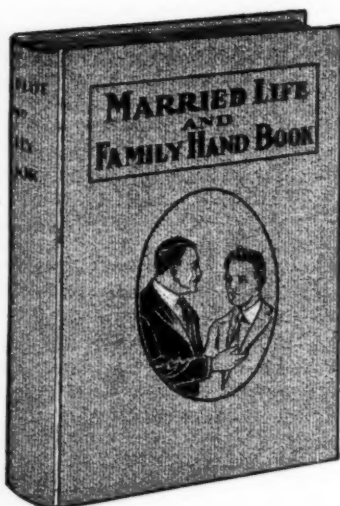
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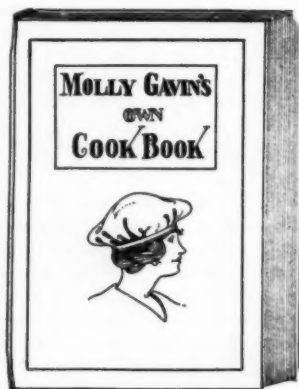
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MARIA CHAPDELAINÉ, by Louis Hémon.

This is a tale of Canadian pioneer life. The story of her love, her loss and her great decision is told with such restraint as to give a deep feeling of reality to this romance of life among the lonely places of "that great sad land whose winters are of a relentless rigor, whose brief enduring summers of a tropic fierceness."

FALSE PROPHETS, by Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P.

Father Gillis in this book takes up the "False Prophets" of our own day—Wells, Shaw, Haeckel, Freud, Conan Doyle, Nietzsche, Mark Twain, James Harvey Robinson—dissects their false theories, points out their false philosophy, and with rapier-like thrusts shows that sound Catholic principles are still the impregnable safeguards of our lives. His brilliant style, his precision of thought and word, and his unflinching sense of humor make "False Prophets" the outstanding contributions to Catholic letters in many years.

ONE HOUR WITH HIM, by the Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph L. J. Kirlin.

This book differs altogether in scope and contents from previous works of its kind, by taking for Eucharistic meditations the popular devotions of the Church, such as the mysteries of the rosary, the Stations of the Cross, etc., also various subjects ever treated before from this standpoint, such as the Beatitudes, the Corporal Works of Mercy, etc. It is not a prayerbook, and yet it is a book of prayer.

THE GATES OF OLIVET, by Lucille Borden.

This delightful story of a girl's struggle to realize a beautiful ideal, introduces a new author to Catholic readers. "The Gates of Olivet" is a Catholic novel of a new order—a finely written story with no more religion in it than in our everyday life. A charming romance into which the author has woven the grace, mystery, and beauty of an aesthetic religion.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, by Thomas à Kempis.

"The Imitation of Christ" is the story of a human soul, in which is caught up the reflection of countless other souls with the same yearnings, the same strivings, the same doubts and uncertainties and torments of unrest. It is the voice of the race calling across the chasm of the years. The most exquisite document after those of the New Testament, of all the documents the Christian spirit has ever inspired.

LITTLE BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI, by Michael Williams.

Brother Francis is a favorite Saint of the children. That man who talked to the birds, who made the wolf his friend, that man who in his youth turned from life of adventure and excitement to live in utmost simplicity, will never fail to hold the growing boy. He lived as a child might dream of living, or play at living, and a child understands his sympathy for flowers, birds, animals and his essential friendliness. Michael Williams has written to reach these young people and also their parents.

THE HIGH ROMANCE, by Michael Williams.

The spiritual autobiography of a journalist who though baptized a Catholic gave up the practice of his religion while still a boy, lost his Faith, and after twenty years of wandering among nearly all the "isms," was led back to the Church. His entry into newspaper work, his brave fight against disease, his spiritual conversion—all these are described in chapters which interest and completely charm the reader. The account of his conversion to Catholicism is one of the finest gems of modern spirituality.

THE WHITE SISTER, by F. Marion Crawford.

Marion Crawford is better known to Catholic readers than any other novelist. He has written over 40 volumes, of which "The White Sister" is probably the most popular. This book has gone through 19 editions, and in 1922 it was filmed and shown in most of the movie theaters in the Country.

GOLD MUST BE TRIED BY FIRE, by Richard Aumerle Maher.

In this book the author has quite an interesting figure in Daidie Grattan. The story is her story from the day when she revolts at the monotony and drudgery of her existence as a mill hand, through that period when something closely akin to tragedy touches her, to that happier time which sees the fulfillment of her dream. A strong story, firmly grasped, tersely and vigorously told.

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